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Simplified Elocution

EDWIN GORDON LAWRENCE

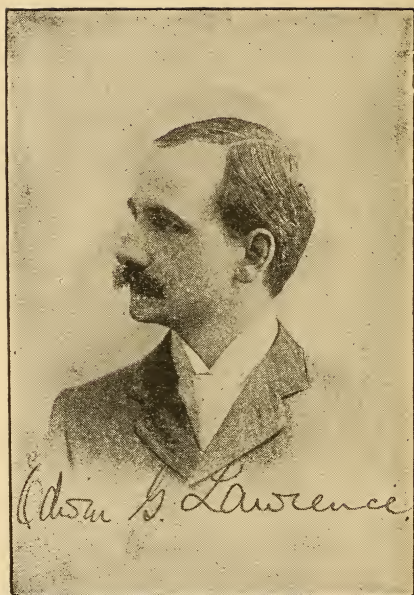
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SIMPLIFIED ELOCUTION

A COMPREHENSIVE SYSTEM OF ELOCUTION AND ACTING

Containing explicit instructions for the cultivation of the Speaking Voice
and Gesture: Directions for the production of Breath, Sound
and Speech: Rules for Articulation, Modulation,
Emphasis and Delivery: Postures and
movements of the Feet, Body,
Arms, Head, Eyes, etc.

Designed for the special use of Teachers, Actors,
Students, Colleges, Schools, and all those who wish
to perfect themselves in the noble art of Expression

To which is added a Complete Speaker, consisting of Selections in
Poetry and Prose suitable for Recitations

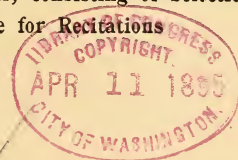
BY

EDWIN GORDON LAWRENCE 17926-aa

TEACHER OF ELOCUTION AND DIRECTOR OF "THE LAWRENCE
SCHOOL OF ACTING" OF NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION

CORRECT speaking is an art and can only be acquired by laborious practice. To speak naturally is to use the organs of speech as nature intended, and not in the perverted manner which ill usage has fastened upon us. The child breathes and speaks in a *natural* way, most grown persons in an *artificial* one; for instance: watch the infant as it lies in the cradle slumbering; notice with every rise and fall of the chest the inward and outward action of the waist muscles acting on the diaphragm and causing it to pump the air in and force the breath out of the lungs. All the organs of breath are now performing their functions fully and none is worked at the expense of the others. How different with many men and women! They instead of inflating the lungs fully by the action of the abdominal muscles and diaphragm, rely upon the costal muscles only, and consequently inflate the upper portion of the lungs alone, thus being able to produce only a very limited amount of breath and scanty volume of voice. This will be fully dwelt upon in the exercises.

As speaking is an art, we must learn the principles of it and gain the faculty of practically applying them. We all possess some degree of talent, but very few are gifted with genius. Possessing this faculty (talent) we are all able to learn how to use the human voice so as to express every emotion of which it is capable, and great will be the result unless there is something radically wrong with the organ. Vocal sounds are but the paths leading outward from the speaker's soul, just as the eyes are the windows of his spiritual habitation, and if the

powers of the voice are developed we are then enabled to express just what we feel—"To hold as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time her form and pressure."

In cultivating the voice we must pay particular attention to detail, both as to the mechanical and intellectual part of the work, for it is only by attending to little things that we can expect to master the more difficult branches of the art. We must first furnish a good instrument; but with most persons the voice is out of order and requires thorough overhauling. What is the cause of this noble instrument requiring readjusting? One little word will fully answer—misuse. And what will readjust this grand organ of sound? Practice. Work, and hard work, is absolutely essential if vocal defects are to be corrected. We must remember that the voice cannot be built up in a day, but that months of careful training under a skillful master is the only means to adopt if good results are to be expected. We should experience no pain or trouble whatever when speaking, and every tone of the voice should be produced without apparent effort. Deep breathing requires an effort, but it must not be perceptible to the audience. A very vital point is to control the breath and not allow it to rush through the larynx without being converted into sound. This will be dwelt upon and explained among the exercises.

In cultivating the voice we must first find out the medium register, and then work below and above it. How are we to do this? By taking the ordinary speaking voice as a guide and gradually working the voice as far above and below this tone as possible. In a very little while the student will find that his medium register is changing. And why is this? Because in most instances the student has habitually (not naturally)

pitched his voice either too high or too low, and the exercises are now bringing the different registers to their proper position. If he has been accustomed to speak in too low a tone this register has grown at the expense of the upper, and consequently the medium has been drawn down a considerable number of tones, but as he strengthens the upper register the compass will be extended and the medium will be raised correspondingly. If the upper has been constantly used this will prove to possess the strongest tones, and the lower register must suffer from the extra practice which the upper has received. Many teachers claim that such and such a tone on the scale represents the medium register. Now, I am bold to say that such is not the case, for what would be the medium for my voice might be above the medium for yours, and possibly below for another person's. Therefore the teacher should find the keynote in the student's voice and commence his work from that, and not endeavor to force his own voice upon the student.

A quality lacking in most speaking voices is that of color, and a very important one it is. How few explain by the tones of the voice the meaning of the words uttered! When speaking of love, put love in the voice; express hate, when speaking of it; dwell on the word *slow*; use rapid time in uttering the words *fast*, *fire*, *flash*, etc. You have as many colors at your disposal for word painting as the artist possesses to enable him to counterfeit nature, and you should use them. A table of words to practice on will be found among the exercises.

There is a great quantity of dead wood clinging to Elocution, but in this simple system I shall aim to chop it all away, and make every one of my assertions perfectly clear to the student. In many cases the seeker after elocutionary knowledge is only mystified and led

astray by the amount of matter which is heaped before him in most of the so-called systems. In fact, Elocution is an art and can be imparted by the living teacher alone. It cannot be learned from books. They will serve as assistants and guides, but to rely on them alone would be madness. Elocution is both *vocal* and *physical* gymnastics, and I shall follow out that division in this work, taking up the vocal part first.

The human family is expressly designed for action, both mental and physical, and is so constructed that to develop and continue the natural powers a certain amount of exercise is absolutely necessary. Every muscle in the body should be thoroughly trained and brought into subjugation to the will, so as to enable the speaker to perform any and every motion with as much ease and skill as he produces the different tones of the voice.

Gesticulation is visible speech, and by proper manipulation may be made just as effective as voice itself. This being the case, imagine the power of an orator who thoroughly masters both branches of Elocution! He would be enabled to sway an audience at will, compelling his hearers to respond to his every expression. It is a well known fact that impressions received through the eye are far more lasting than those made through the medium of any of the other senses, so consequently the speaker who can by appropriate gesticulation make his oration plain through the sight, will stamp his discourse upon the minds of his hearers and leave an impression not easily erased.

I have read in the works of some, who are considered masters of their art, where students are advised to pay no attention whatever to the study of gesture. How then can these same teachers counsel vocal training? It seems to me that one is just as important to the orator or actor as the other. What do they advise the speaker

to do? Rely upon the inspiration of the moment. How ridiculous such instruction must sound to one who has had practical experience as a public speaker. On the platform or stage I assert that nothing should be left to chance. Suppose you should rely upon inspiration, and it should fail to make its appearance. What would be the result? The utter failure of your oration. Imagine yourself before a cold, unsympathetic audience. Where is the inspiration to come from? You must call upon that other self, Art; dive into the recesses of your soul and *make* your audience respond to the passions you express. To do this you must *feel* what you utter, and give *utterance* to that feeling. It is not sufficient that you should feel what you are saying but you must give outward expression to it. Here is where the art of Acting and Gesticulation comes into play. With proper gestures you can make all you say just as plain to the sight, as by the tones of the voice you can the sounds to the ear. You must individualize yourself with your subject if you wish to succeed as a speaker or actor, and explain not only by voice but also by gesture the author's meaning. Bring into use all the powers of Elocution: the voice, with its thrilling tones; the glowing countenance, the breathing frame, and glorious action. Therefore, I say, assiduously study the physical branch of Elocution.

The different exercises I have inserted in this work, both for the cultivation of voice and gesture, are those I have found of most benefit to students during my life-long experience as a public speaker and teacher of elocution and dramatic action, and the assertions in reference to positions and movements on the stage or platform have been practically tested by me before audiences in all parts of the country, and found to work admirably.

Before taking up our work in the following pages, I

would impress upon my reader the necessity of thoroughly understanding his subject, then identifying himself with it, and if this is done he will succeed, for to all such we can safely say, in the language of Bulwer,

“There 's no such word as ‘fail.’”

The selections in the back part of the book are not chosen on account of their newness, but from their intrinsic merit and their adaptability as exercises.

EDWIN GORDON LAWRENCE.

New York, March, 1895.

ORGANS OF BREATH.

The muscles used in producing breath are the Diaphragm, Abdominal, Dorsal, Intercostal and Pectoral.

The Diaphragm separates the chest from the abdomen, forming the floor of the former cavity and the roof of the latter, and extends right through the body from the ribs in front to the spinal column. It is arched, being convex toward the chest and concave to the abdomen.

The height of the Diaphragm varies, being carried downward when air is drawn into the lungs, and upward when breath is forced out. In a forced inspiration it is lowered from one to two inches and in exhalation raised a corresponding degree.

The Diaphragm gives increased power to every explosive effort and is always called into action in sneezing, coughing, laughing, panting or sobbing, a deep inhalation being taken before any of the above acts are performed.

The Abdominal muscles are several in number and situated on the sides and front of the abdomen, which brings them below the Diaphragm, on which they act. These muscles move outward when inhaling and inward when exhaling.

The Dorsal muscles, or muscles of the back, are in several groups and extend from the back of the neck to the base of the spine. They move inward and outward.

The Intercostal muscles are located between the ribs.

The Pectoral muscles are located at the fore and upper part of the chest and act upon the ribs by raising and lowering them and in this manner expanding and contracting the chest.

THE LUNGS.

The Lungs are essential organs of respiration; they are two in number and placed one in either side of the chest.

The right Lung is the larger and has three lobes, while the left is composed of but two.

ORGANS OF SOUND.

The Larynx is the organ of sound in the human being and is placed at the upper part of the air passage.

The Epiglottis is a thin plate, shaped like a leaf and placed in front of the opening of the Larynx. During respiration it is raised, but when swallowing it is so lowered as to completely close the opening of the Larynx.

In the Larynx are the Vocal Cords, four in number, only two of which, however, are directly concerned in the production of voice.

The Trachea, or air tube, is a cylindrical tube flattened at the back, and extends from the lower part of the Larynx. It is joined to the lungs by the two bronchial tubes. Its province is to carry the air to and from the Lungs.

ORGANS OF SPEECH.

The organs of speech are the Soft and Hard Palate, the Tongue, Teeth and Lips.

SIMPLIFIED ELOCUTION

THE male and female organs of breath, sound and speech are precisely alike and should be used in the same manner. It is not, as some teachers assert, natural for women to breathe by using the costal and intercostal muscles, while men should use those of the waist. Were it not for the abominable manner of dressing adopted by the majority of women they would have no trouble whatever in breathing by using the diaphragm and abdominal muscles; but when they so lace as to prevent the free action of these muscles they are compelled to rely on those of the chest.

Breathing is both voluntary and involuntary; the former when used as the agency of voice, and the latter when promoting animal life. It should not, as a rule, be audible; but is necessarily so when yawning, sighing, panting, sniffing, hawking, aspirating, snoring, sobbing, coughing, sneezing, weeping and laughing.

While the lungs cannot be entirely exhausted of breath and the animal live, still they may be very nearly emptied, and the student should take particular care to always have a supply in reserve and thus appear to have a greater amount than he is called upon to use.

A good exercise for enlarging the lungs is to fully inflate them with air drawn through the nostrils, hold the breath for a considerable space, and then as slowly exhale it.

Not only is it essential to have a knowledge of the art of breathing, but assiduous practice and perseverance are absolutely required to enable us to gain control of the different muscles.

Great care should be taken not to waste breath. We should inhale as rapidly as possible when speaking, and use only sufficient breath to produce the required voice, being constantly on the watch to prevent breath escaping through the larynx without being converted into sound.

The absolute necessity of breathing through the nostrils cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the student of Elocution, as habitual mouth breathing is responsible for many of the throat and lung troubles affecting those who employ the voice in reading and reciting. There are times when it may be advisable, and in some instances necessary, to inhale through the mouth as well as the nostrils, especially during a very passionate discourse, but as a rule the air must be drawn into the lungs through the nostrils and the breath expelled through the mouth.

BREATH.

Forms of Breathing.

There are three forms of breathing, viz., the *Effusive*, *Expulsive* and *Explosive*. The first is merely allowing the breath to escape into the air; the second, pushing it; and the third, shooting it out.

Exercise for Breathing.

In these exercises the student must merely produce breath and not allow a particle of sound to escape from the larynx.

Fully inflate the lungs by drawing in as much air through the nostrils as possible, keeping the mouth closed; at the same time expanding the chest, throwing out the abdominal and dorsal muscles and depressing the diaphragm; now open the mouth, draw in the abdominal and dorsal muscles, raise the diaphragm slowly

and effuse the breath into the air. The pressure of the waist muscles, which should be inward and upward, must be continued until the lungs are pretty well exhausted.

The expulsive requires a quicker and stronger stroke of the waist muscles than the effusive, and the pressure must be continued just as though the breath were meeting with opposition and did not wish to leave, compelling you to push it out with steady force.

The explosive, requiring still quicker and stronger action of the muscles than the expulsive, is shot from the lungs, and the waist muscles must be drawn inward and upward with a sudden stroke, as if a blow were aimed at the pit of the stomach.

SOUND.

Vocal sound proceeds from the breath acting on the vocal cords, causing them to vibrate. It is vocalized breath.

Organs of Sound.

There are four sets of organs concerned in the production of vocal sounds, viz.:

- 1st. The muscles used in producing breath.
- 2d. The lungs.
- 3d. The larynx.
- 4th. The pharynx, mouth and nasal passages.

PITCH.

There are three divisions of the speaking voice, which I shall term the upper, medium and lower registers.

The upper register is used in expressing joy, terror, alarm, exultation, rage, invective, threat, eagerness, stirring description, excitement or lively narration. Brisk, gay, joyous emotion, and passionate feeling of the lighter order is produced on this register.

The medium register expresses all that is ordinary.

The lower register is employed in giving expression to deep-seated feeling and intense passion. Grief, hate, horror, remorse—all that is sad and solemn; suppressed rage and brooding thought bring into play the tones of the lower register. The softest and most fervent expressions of love and veneration also employ the deep tones of the voice.

Exercise.

Take the sound of *ah*; breathe the same as when, in the preceding exercise, you merely produced breath, and convert the breath into sound, continuing it as long as you conveniently can, pitching the voice on the medium register, which should be the tone used in ordinary conversation. Take the same sound again, using the expulsive form of breathing, and then the explosive, on the same register. After getting this to your satisfaction, or as near right as you can, pitch the voice as low as possible and repeat the exercise. When this has been accomplished raise the voice to its highest pitch and go over the exercise again, thus exercising the voice from one extreme tone to the other, and in doing so gradually extending its compass. Continue this, taking each register alternately, until a tired feeling asserts itself or a dizzy sensation is apparent.

The student must be careful not to strain the vocal cords when exercising on the extreme tones of the voice, and only produce such tones as he conveniently can. The voice must be coaxed and not forced, and unless this instruction is strictly followed serious injury will be the result.

While all vocal sound is produced in the larynx it must not be held there, but should be allowed to come freely into the air. Avoid mouthing; speak on the lips and not in the cavity of the mouth.

For all low tones the vibration of the sound should be thrown into the cavity of the chest, producing those full, round, grand tones possessing rich color and sonorous beauty, so like the sounds that come from the cathedral organ. For all high tones the vibration should be thrown into the cavity of the head.

The tension of the vocal cords and position of the larynx regulate the pitch of the voice, the latter moving up or down as the tone changes. The vibrations of the vocal cords increase as the pitch of the voice rises.

There are several vocal defects, such as nasal and throaty tones; the former being brought about, not as a great many suppose by speaking through the nose, but from a clogging of the head passages, which prevents the free vibration of the sound and its exit into the air. The throaty tones are caused by bringing down the epiglottis while speaking, and confining the sound to the larynx. Only a living teacher can remedy these defects, so it would be useless to dwell upon them here or offer exercises to employ in their removal.

THE SPEAKING VOICE.

Speech is articulated sound and is produced by the action of the soft and hard palate, tongue, teeth and lips on the sound as it leaves the larynx.

BREATH	SOUND					REGISTER
Effusive	A	E	I	O	U	Upper
Expulsive						Medium
Explosive						Lower

Exercise on the above vowels the same as on *ah*, sounding each one clearly, and producing them on the medium register, effusive form of breathing first, then the expulsive and explosive forms, repeating the exercise on the lower and upper registers. Inflate the lungs fully before each sound.

WHISPER.

The whisper is the softest form of articulated sound, and great benefit may be derived from careful practice on the whispering exercises. While it is the softest form of speech, still it is one of the most violent, as large quantities of breath are used in its production, and great pains must be taken to articulate very carefully and not throw one wave sound after another until the first has passed the lips into the air and been safely launched on its journey. The epiglottis, or cover of the larynx, must be kept nicely raised, and the whisper thrown directly on the lips, and on no account held in the mouth or throat. The wrong production of the whisper is liable to do more injury to the organs of sound than if a full tone is wrongfully produced; therefore special care must be taken when practicing on this exercise. The three forms of breathing are employed in whispering just the same as when the full tones of the voice are used.

Exercises in Whisper.

EFFUSIVE—

Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep: witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder
 Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
 Moves like a ghost.

EXPULSIVE—

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned;
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable;
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.

EXPLOSIVE—

Now, fire! comrades! fire! up and at them!
Fight, men, fight for your wives and your children and
your homes.

RULES OF ELOCUTION.

The principal rules of Elocution are *Articulation*, *Modulation*, *Emphasis* and *Delivery*, for from these four golden rules all others arise and on them depend.

ARTICULATION—

Articulation is the art of pronouncing every letter, syllable and word clearly and distinctly.

There are twenty-six letters in the English alphabet, and the vowels, or such letters that can be uttered alone, are as follows:

A (ā as a letter, a as a word). Before words beginning with a vowel sound it takes the letter *n* after it. This letter has six sounds, as in *ale*, *arm*, *all*, *an*, *glass*, *care*.

E, ē long as in *mete*, short e as in *met*.

I, ī long as in *fine*, short i as in *fin*.

O has various sounds, as *note*, *not*, *nor*, *move*, *done*.

U, as in *tube*, *up*, *full*.

W, in diphthongs, is used as a vowel for *u*; as *view*, *strew*.

Y, except at the beginning of English words and syllables, is a vowel, and has the sound of *i*.

Practice the following table of words on the three registers and in the three forms of breathing:

Ale	{ Eve	{ Ile	Old	Tube
Arm	{ Mete	{ Fine	Lose	Up
All	{ End	{ In	On	Full
An	{ Met	{ Fin		

Examples.

The first vowel, *a*, is often indistinctly heard, and is frequently mispronounced. Sometimes it is too broad, and again too thin. For instance, in such words as *māss*, *glāss* and *pāss*, it is mispronounced *māss*, *glāss*, *pāss*; and again, *mäss*, *gläss*, *päss*. The vowel *o* is at times drawn out until it sounds like *aw*, gone being pronounced as though spelt *gawne*, dog as though written *dawg*. This is a grievous fault and should be at once corrected. The letter *u* is oftentimes mispronounced *oo*, especially in such words as *duke*, which is generally uttered as though spelt *dook*. The termination *sume*, as *consume* and *presume*, is rarely properly pronounced, being spoken as *soom*. *Dew* and *due* should be pronounced *dū*, and not *doo*, as is often the case.

Avoid doubling the consonants, as *d* in *and*; do not utter it as though there were two *ds*, thus, *and-d*. The letter *d* when coming at the end of a word is sometimes never heard, as in *husband*, a large number of persons pronouncing the word as if written *husban*. *G* is another letter often slighted, in such words as *ringing*, *singing*, etc.

The terminations *ance* and *ence* are often confounded and uttered like *unce*, and *ace* like *iss* in the word *furnace*. The letter *h* is a great sufferer, especially when the first letter of a word or when coming after *w*, as in *when*, *where*, etc. Some even go so far as to call for *fur*; and many more such glaring errors are constantly being made through carelessness as much as ignorance. I might keep on citing instances of mispronunciation and poor articulation, but I think the above will suffice.

MODULATION—

Modulation is changing the pitch and inflection of the

voice, so as to explain by the different tones the meaning of the words uttered.

Examples.

Take Tennyson's beautiful little poem of "The Bugle Song" and read it as follows:

The splendor' (*medium register, rising inflection*) falls on
castle walls` (*lower register, falling inflection*).

And snowy summits' (*medium register, rising inflection*) old
in story` (*lower register, falling inflection*);

The long (*hold the word "long"*) light shakes (*tremor stress*)
across the lakes,

And the wild (*full and round*) cataract leaps (*explosive*)
in glory.

Blow` (*falling inflection, bugletone*), bu' (*rising*) gle` (*falling*), blow' (*rising*), set the wild echoes fly`i`ng' (*very light on word "flying" to represent the echo, and four strokes on the word, in this manner—fly`i`ng`*).

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow (◊ *middle stress, upper register*), let us hear the
purple glens replying (◊ *middle stress, upper register, echo to "blow"*):

Blow (◊), bu (◊) gle (◊); answer, echoes, dying
(◊), dying (◊), dying (◊) (*gradually decreasing volume on the repetition of the word "dying" until the last is very soft and appears to come from a great distance*).

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever.

Blow` bu`gle`, blow`, set the wild echoes fly`i`ng`,
 And answer echoes, answer, dy`i`ng`, dy`i`ng`, dy`i`ng`
*(the word "dying" forming the echo to "Blow` bu`gle`,
 blow`," and gradually decreasing volume of sound
 until the last dying is very light and appears to be
 miles away among the hills).*

EMPHASIS—

Emphasis is laying greater stress on a word and making it stand out boldly. The longer we hold the word and the greater the volume of voice employed, the stronger will be the emphasis.

Examples.

I know not what course *others* may take, but as for *me*, give me LIBERTY or give me DEATH.

. Be we *men*,
 And *suffer* such dishonor? MEN, and wash not the
 stain away in *blood*?

DELIVERY—

Delivery is the most important of the four rules, for it combines them all. To possess a good delivery we must have thorough control of the voice, eye, muscles of the face, and movements of the body; for delivery is not speech alone, it is expression.

Exercise.

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and

phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the *man*, in the *subject* and in the *occasion*.







Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it: they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

Then, patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action. [SPEECH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.]

STRESS.

Stress is used for emphasis, and there are six forms as follows:

- Initial Stress, 
- Final Stress, 
- Middle Stress, 
- Compound Stress, 
- Thorough Stress, 
- Tremulous Stress, 

*Exercise in Stress.*Attend *All*. ▷I said *All*, not one or two. ◁Join *All* ye creatures in his praise. ◇What! *All*? did they all fail? ▷◁Come one, come *All*. □Oh! I have lost you *All*. ~~~~~

Produce the different forms of stress on the vowel *a* in *all* on the three registers.

Initial stress is expressive of positive command, determination and explicit communication.

Final stress. Annoyance.

Middle stress. Reverence, sublimity and solemnity.

Compound stress. Astonishment, surprise, sarcasm and contempt.

Thorough stress. Defiance, triumph and rapture.

Tremulous stress. Sorrow, feebleness, and extreme tenderness.

THE PASSIONS.

FEAR and LANGUOR lower the voice and sometimes deprive it of its power.

ANGER is high in pitch, hoarse, quick and loud.

DESPAIR is expressed by a low, moaning tone.

HOPE is animated and full of life, sonorous in tone.

REVENGE, similar to anger but stronger and bolder, and when intense speaks through the set teeth.

PITY speaks in a gentle tone, soft, low and tremulous.

COURAGE is bold, positive, and thorough stress is used.

JEALOUSY is variable, changing from high pitch to low, from love to hate.

TERROR deprives the voice of all power.

MELANCHOLY. The voice is low, sad and slow.

CHEERFULNESS. High pitch and brisk time.

JOY. Similar to cheerfulness but fuller and more intense ; resounding quality.

HORROR. Low pitch, tremulous stress.

ADMIRATION. Upper pitch, lively time ; similar to joy and cheerfulness.

VENERATION. Calm, low tone, expressing a mingled feeling of awe and respect.

EXERCISES IN PITCH AND FORM OF BREATHING.

Medium Register.

EFFUSIVE—

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

We sat by the river, you and I,
In the sweet Summer time, long ago ;
So smoothly the water glided by,
Making music in its tranquil flow.

EXPULSIVE—

Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen?

I will love thee with a love that never falters,
With a steadfast love that knows not rest or peace,
And the incense I will burn upon thine altars
Will be pure and sweet as memories of Greece.

Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief,
 who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena
 every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome
 could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm.

EXPLOSIVE—

“Forward the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!” he said.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!

Lower Register.

EFFUSIVE—

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!

For I love thee like the day, when sunshine-sated
 It sinks lingering in the twilight of its swoon,
 And I love thee with sweet fervor unabated,
 As some calm lake loves the glimmer of the moon.

But thou, most awful form!
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark,—substantial black,—
 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge!

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.

EXPULSIVE—

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my
 hand and heart to this vote! It is my
 living sentiment, and by the blessing of God, it shall be
 my dying sentiment:—independence now and independ-
 ence forever.

Oh, my sweet one, oh thou splendor of my yearning,
 Oh thou beauty that my nullity has won;

To thy love my spirit ever will be turning,
Like the heliotrope's pale petals to the sun.

And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

With woeful measure, wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds her grief beguiled.

EXPLOSIVE—

Now, fire! comrades! fire! up and at them! Fight,
men, fight for your wives and your children and your
homes. They sweep on us like demons—are at the guns,
are on the wall! hand to hand, steel to steel, knife to
knife.

Upper Register.

EFFUSIVE—

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

EXPULSIVE—

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

On! on!

Courage! One effort more, and all is won!

EXPLOSIVE—

Awake! awake!
 Ring the alarm bell:—Murder and treason!—
 Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Strike till the last armed foe expires!
 Strike for your altars and your fires!
 Strike for the green graves of your sires,
 God and your native land!

Help! Help! Will no one aid? I die, I die!

*Sublimity.*DEEP, FULL TONES, AND EFFUSIVE AND EXPULSIVE
UTTERANCE—

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

[THE OCEAN—*Byron.*]

O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thoughts: entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

[MONT BLANC—*Coleridge.*]

Fanciful and Humorous Style.

(N. B.—This exercise must be practiced so as to produce that playful, laughing style, so necessary to its successful rendition. The selection is full of fancy and humor. Laughter must be frequently introduced. Es-

pecially at the first, before the word "Oh!" also after "kisses" and at the conclusion.)

Oh! then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn by a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web,
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film,
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers,
And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose, as 'a lies asleep,
And then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep: and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

[MERCUTIO'S QUEEN MAB SPEECH—*Shakespeare.*]

Enthusiastic Imagination.

Nay, dearest, nay, if thou wouldst have me paint
 The home to which, could Love fulfil its prayers,
 This hand would lead thee, listen! A deep vale
 Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world,
 Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
 And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies
 As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
 As I would have thy fate!

A palace lifting to eternal summer
 Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
 Of coolest foliage musical with birds
 Whose song should syllable thy name! At noon
 We 'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
 Why earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens
 Still left us youth and love! We 'd have no friends
 That were not lovers; no ambition save
 To excel them all in love; we 'd read no books
 That were not tales of love—that we might smile
 To think how poorly eloquence of words
 Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!
 And when night came, amidst the breathless Heavens
 We 'd guess what star should be our home when love
 Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light
 Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
 And every air was heavy with the sighs
 Of orange groves and music from sweet lutes,
 And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
 In the midst of roses!—Dost thou like the picture?

[MELNOTTE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE LAKE OF
 COMO—*Edward Bulwer Lytton.*]

Tranquillity.

MEDIUM AND LOWER REGISTER; EFFUSIVE AND EXPUL-
 SIVE UTTERANCE—

To him who in the Love of Nature holds

Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course, nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again,
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills

Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between,
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green, and poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning; pierce the Barcan wilderness.
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashing—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years—matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-haired man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan that moves
 To the pale realms of shade where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

[THANATOPSIS—*William Cullen Bryant.*]

*GESTURE.

The stroke of the gesture, and that of the voice, should be simultaneous, otherwise the effect is marred and the force of the movement lost. Gesture should never follow nor precede speech, it should accompany it. The action may commence long before you utter the word requiring the stroke of the gesture, but when the word is spoken the stroke of the gesture must be delivered at the exact moment that the stroke of the voice is heard.

When the mason commences work on a building, he starts with the foundation, and after completing that, sets about rearing the structure firmly upon it. Following out this plan I will commence with the positions of the feet.

Feet Positions.

There are six positions of the feet; three of the right foot and three of the left.

Whenever the speaker extends the arms, whether downward, horizontal or elevated, he must take the second position of the foot. If the movement expresses joy, supplication, veneration, etc., he must take either the second position right or second position left foot,

*This system of Gesture is founded on that of the Rev. Gilbert Austin, of London, England.

according to whichever hand is performing the principal gesture; but if the movement is brought about by fear, horror, surprise, terror, etc., he must take the second position retired (third position of the foot), as by this action the body is drawn away from the object which presents the motive for the movement. The first position right is used when speaking to the right, or immediately in front, and not gesticulating; and the first position left when speaking to the left and not gesticulating.

FIRST POSITION, RIGHT FOOT—

In this position the weight of the body should rest mainly on the left foot, right slightly in advance, and resting lightly, but in its whole length upon the floor; the space of the width of your own foot should separate the feet, the heels should be on a line, and the feet at an angle of about seventy-five degrees.

SECOND POSITION, RIGHT FOOT—

Slide the right foot forward a distance of about its length; transfer the weight of the body to the right foot; raise the left heel from the ground, turning it slightly inward, allowing only the ball of the left great toe to rest upon the ground to prevent the body from tottering.

FIRST AND SECOND POSITIONS OF THE LEFT FOOT—

The positions are similar in every respect to those of the right, except that the left foot is in advance and performs the principal movement.

THIRD OR RETIRED POSITION OF THE RIGHT FOOT—

The right foot being retired, bend that knee, throw the whole weight of the body upon that foot, retiring the body as much as possible; at the same time brace the left knee, which is advanced.

THIRD OR RETIRED POSITION OF THE LEFT FOOT—

This position is analogous to the retired position of the right.

These six positions of the feet constitute all that are necessary either on the stage or platform.

Position of the Arms.

There are twelve primary movements of the arms, and from a combination of these all the gestures of the arms are made.

I divide them into three parts: downward, horizontal and elevated, corresponding with the three registers and to express the same feelings. These are the vertical gestures, and those that cross them are termed transverse movements. Of the latter there are four, making twelve primary movements of the arms in all. They are as follows:

Downwards forwards.
Downwards oblique.
Downwards extended.
Downwards backwards.

Horizontal forwards.
Horizontal oblique.
Horizontal extended.
Horizontal backwards.

Elevated forwards.
Elevated oblique.
Elevated extended.
Elevated backwards.

The downward movements must be made within forty-five degrees of the nadir, or point directly beneath the feet. The horizontal forty-five degrees above the downward, or on a line with the horizon. The elevated

forty five degrees above the horizontal. The movements of the arms must not be angular, but should possess those graceful curves which the artist Hogarth so aptly styles "the curves of beauty." Care must also be taken in keeping perfect time with voice and gesture, the stroke of both coming on the same syllable.

The arm and hand are the most important parts of the body in reference to oratory; in fact, they may be considered as jointly constituting the grand oratorical weapon. I hold that both hands should be equally used in the formation of gesture. When the person addressed is on the right of the speaker, use the right hand, and when on the left, the one on that side of the body, at the same time advancing the corresponding foot. I am aware that this advice is in direct conflict with that of the ancient orators, but then, we must bear in mind that it was outside influences, bearing only on that age, that caused the old masters to say that the left hand should never perform gesture alone, and should be sparingly used even in conjunction with the other hand. Their form of dress precluded the use of the left arm, as it was generally engaged holding up the toga, consequently the principal part of gesticulation devolved upon the right. Therefore, with the passing away of the ancient garment, I think the custom of employing the right arm alone, should also be a thing of the past.

Always use the correspondiug hand and foot *i. e.* right hand and right foot, left hand and left foot.

When crossing the stage be particular to advance the right foot first when moving to the right, and the left foot when going to the left. In this manner we will avoid the awkward crossing of the feet.

Posture and Motions of the Hand.

The postures of the hand are determined by four different circumstances.

1. By the disposition of the fingers.
2. By the manner of presenting the palm.
3. By the combined disposition of both hands.
4. By the part of the body on which they are occasionally placed.

FIRST CLASS OF THE POSTURES OF THE HANDS, DEPEND-
ING ON THE DISPOSITION OF THE FINGERS—

The Natural State. The hand, when unconstrained, in its natural and relaxed state, either hanging down at rest, or raised moderately up, has all the fingers a little bent inwards towards the palm; the middle and third finger lightly touch; the fore-finger is separated from the middle finger, and less bent, and the little finger separated from the third, and more bent. The extremity of the thumb bends a little outwards, and in its general length and disposition, is nearly parallel with the fore-finger. When the arm is raised *horizontal*, the hand is held obliquely between the postures *inward* and *supine*. Cresollius recommends the public speaker to adopt this posture of the hand, and for this preference he adduces the authority of Hippocrates and Galen. But it is not necessary that a speaker should confine himself to any one posture of the hand: variety may often demand the contrary; if, however, he should prefer using only one, this posture merits the preference.

Clinched. The fingers in this disposition are firmly closed, and press their extremities upon the palm; the thumb aids the pressure, and is lapped, particularly over the middle finger.

Extended. The fingers in this state, whatever may be the general position of the hand, are separated from each other with energy in proportion to the excitation of the speaker.

Index. Pointing with the fore-finger, the other fingers turned inwards, and contracted with more or less force,

according to the energy of the speaker. This gesture is used in reproach and indication, from the last of which it has its name, *index*.

Holding. The finger and thumb are pressed together, either the fore or middle finger, or both; the other fingers are contracted, more or less, according to the degree of energy required by the sentiment.

Hollow. When the palm is held nearly supine, and the fingers turn inwards, without touching.

Grasping. The fingers and thumb seizing the garments or the hair.

SECOND CLASS OF THE POSTURES OF THE HANDS, DEPENDING ON THE MANNER OF PRESENTING THE PALM—

Prone. The hand is prone when the palm is turned downwards.

Supine. The hand is said to be supine when the palm is turned upwards.

Inwards. When the palm is turned towards the breast and the hand is held on the edge.

Outwards. When the palm is turned from the body, and towards the object, the thumb downwards, the hand held on the edge.

Vertical. When the palm is perpendicular to the horizon, the fingers pointing upwards.

Forwards. When the palm is presented forwards, the arm hanging down, or placed in one of the extended, or backward positions.

Backwards. When the palm is turned backwards, the arm hanging down, or placed in one of the extended, or backward positions.

THIRD CLASS OF THE POSTURES OF THE HANDS ARISING FROM THE COMBINED DISPOSITION OF BOTH HANDS—

Of this class a few only are noticed, and those are they

which are most in use among public speakers; others may be supplied as occasion may require.

Applied. When the palms are pressed together, and the fingers and thumbs of each are mutually laid against each other.

Clasped. When all the fingers are inserted between each other, and the hands pressed closely together.

Folded. When the fingers of the right hand, at the second joint, are laid between the thumb and fore-finger of the left, the right thumb crossing the left.

Crossed. When the left hand is placed on the breast, and the right on the left, or the contrary.

Inclosed. When the knuckles at the middle joint of one hand, moderately bent, are received within the palm of the other, the fingers of which stretch along the back of the inclosed hand nearly to the wrist, the thumbs crossing, or rather, laid at length over each other.

Touching. When the points of the fingers of each hand are brought lightly into contact.

Wringing. When both hands are first clasped together, and elevated, then depressed, and separated at the wrists, without disengaging the fingers.

Enumerating. When the index finger of the right hand is laid successively upon the index, or the different fingers of the left. If the number of divisions be more than four, the enumeration should begin from the thumb. Sometimes the finger and thumb of the right hand hold the finger of the left, which represents the division.

FOURTH CLASS OF THE POSTURE OF THE HANDS, ARISING FROM THE PART OF THE BODY ON WHICH THEY ARE OCCASIONALLY PLACED—

The fourth class of the postures of the hands arises

from the part of the body on which they are occasionally placed. The parts of the body and head most remarkable in this respect are the *breast*, the *eyes*, the *lips*, the *forehead*, the *chin*.

The Motions of the Arms and Hands.

In ascertaining the import of any posture of either arm, or hand, it is important to consider the posture in connection with the action by which it is produced; for any posture of the arm, or hand, may sustain different significant characters, because different actions give the same posture an entirely different import. This must be obvious to all who reflect that the effect of the posture greatly depends upon the exact character of the motion, which is produced partly by the direction which the motion takes, partly by the force with which it is commenced, and partly by the distance through which it passes.

The motions of the hands and arms together are, therefore, considered; *first*, as to their direction; and *secondly*, as to their manner of moving. The energy is not here taken into account.

As to the manner of motion, gesture may be considered as:

Noting. When the hand is first drawn back and raised, and then advanced, and, with a gentle stroke, depressed.

Projecting, or pushing. When the arm is first retracted, and then thrust forward in the direction in which the hand points.

Waving. When the fingers are first pointed downwards, and then by a smart motion of the elbow and wrist, the hand is flung upward in a vertical direction.

The Flourish. A circular movement above the head.

The Sweep. A curved movement, descending from

the opposite shoulder, and rising with velocity to the utmost extent of the arm, or the reverse; changing the position of the hand from supine to vertical, in the first case, and from vertical to supine, in the latter. The sweep is sometimes doubled, by returning the arm through the same arch.

Beckoning. When with the fore-finger, or the whole hand, the palm being turned inwards, a motion is made in the direction of the breast.

Repressing. The reverse of the preceding gesture, when the fore-finger, or the whole hand, the palm turned outwards, makes a motion in opposition to the person addressed. The motions, in these last two gestures, are often repeated.

Striking. When the whole fore-arm, and the hand along with it, descend from a higher elevation rapidly, and with a degree of force like a stroke, which is arrested when it has struck what it was aimed against.

Recoiling. When after a stroke, as in the former gesture the arm and hand return to the position whence they proceeded.

Advancing. When the hand, being first moved downwards and backwards, in order to obtain greater space for action, is then moved regularly forwards, and raised as high as the horizontal position, a step being, at the same time, made in advance, to aid the action.

Springing. When the hand, having nearly arrived at the intended limit of gesture, flies suddenly up to it by a quick motion of the wrist, like the blade of a pocket-knife, when it suddenly and decidedly snaps into its proper situation by the recoil of the spring.

Throwing. When the arm, by the force of the gesture, is thrown, as it were, in the direction of the person addressed.

Clinching. When the hand is suddenly clinched, and the arm raised in a posture of threatening.

Collecting. When the arm, from an extended posture, sweeps inwards.

Shaking. When a tremulous motion is made by the arm and hand.

Retracting. When the arm is withdrawn, preparatory to projecting or pushing.

Rejecting. Is the action of pushing the hand vertically towards the object, and, at the same time, averting the head.

Bending. Is the gesture preparatory to *striking*.

The gestures here given will suffice as a specimen of some of the most useful in this class.

The Head, the Eyes, the Shoulders and the Body.

As the head gives the chief grace to the person, so does it principally contribute to the expression of grace in delivery.

The head should be held in an erect and natural posture; for, when hung down, it expresses humility or diffidence; when thrown back, arrogance; when inclined to one side, languor or indifference. The movements of the head should be suited to the character of the delivery. They should accord with the gesture, and fall in with the action of the hands and the motions of the body.

The head is capable of many appropriate expressions. Besides those nods which signify assent or approbation and rejection, there are motions of the head known, and common to all, which express modesty, doubt, admiration and indignation. But to use gesture of the head alone, unaccompanied by any other gesture, is considered faulty. It is also a fault to shake or nod the head frequently, to toss it violently, or to agitate the hair, by rolling it about.

The most usual motions and postures of the head are as follows:

POSTURES AND MOTIONS OF THE HEAD.	DIRECTION OF THE EYES
Inclined.	Forwards.
Erect.	Averted.
Assenting.	Downwards.
Denying.	Upwards.
Shaking.	Around.
Tossing.	Vacancy.
Aside.	

The motions of the trunk contribute much to the effect in delivery. The gestures of the arms and hands, therefore, should always be supported by the accompaniment of the body. Not by affected and ridiculous contortions, but by the manly and free exertions of the muscles of the body, the general consent of which is indispensable to the production of graceful motion.

Significant Gestures.

The most important of the significant gestures are the following :

THE HEAD AND FACE—

The hanging down of the head denotes shame, or grief.

The holding of it up, pride or courage.

To nod forwards implies assent.

To toss the head back, dissent.

The inclination of the head implies diffidence or languor.

The head is averted, in dislike or horror.

It leans forward, in attention.

THE EYES—

The eyes are raised, in prayer.

They weep, in sorrow.

They burn, in anger.

They are downcast or averted, in shame or grief.

They are cast on vacancy, in thought.

They are cast in various directions, in doubt and anxiety.

THE ARMS—

The placing of the hand on the head, indicates pain or distress.

On the eyes, shame or sorrow.

On the lips, an injunction of silence.

On the breast, an appeal to conscience.

The hand is waved, or flourished, in joy or contempt.

Both hands are held supine, or they are applied or clasped, in prayer.

Both are held prone, in blessing.

They are clasped, or wrung, in affliction.

They are held forward, and received, in friendship.

THE BODY—

The body, held erect, indicates steadiness and courage.

Thrown back, pride.

Stooping forward, condescension or compassion.

Bending, reverence or respect.

Prostration, the utmost humility or abasement.

THE LOWER LIMBS—

The firm position of the lower limbs signifies courage, or obstinacy.

Bended knees indicate timidity; or weakness.

The lower limbs advance, in desire or courage.

They retire, in aversion or fear.

Start, in terror.

Stamp, in authority or anger.

Kneel, in submission and prayer.

These are a few of the simple gestures which may be termed significant.

Complex Significant Gestures.

Complex significant gestures are employed chiefly in dramatic representation. They are combinations of simple significant gestures, variously associated according to the mingled passions which they represent. The boldest and most magnificent of them are termed attitudes. The following are examples of complex significant gestures:

REPROACH puts on a stern aspect; the brow is contracted, the lip is turned **up** with scorn, and the whole body is expressive of aversion.

APPREHENSION is the prospect of future evil, accompanied with uneasiness of mind.

TERROR excites the person who suffers under it, to avoid the dreaded object, or to escape from it. If it be some dangerous reptile on the ground, and very near, the expression is represented by starting back and looking downwards. If the danger threaten from a distance, the terror arising is expressed by looking forwards, and not starting back, but merely in the retired position. But if the dread of impending death from the hand of an enemy awaken his passion, the coward flies.

HORROR, which is aversion or astonishment mingled with terror, is seldom capable of retreating, but remains in one attitude, with the eyes riveted on the object, the arms, with the hands vertical, held forward to guard the person, and the whole frame trembling.

LISTENING, in order to obtain the surest and most various information, first casts the eye quickly in the apparent direction of the sounds; if nothing is seen the ear is turned towards the point of expectation, the eye is bent on vacancy, and the arm is extended, with the hand vertical; but all this passes in a moment. If the sounds proceed from different points at the same time, both hands are held up, and the face and eyes altern-

ately change from one side to the other with a rapidity governed by the nature of the sound; if it be alarming, with trepidation; if pleasing, with gentle motion.

ADMIRATION, if of surrounding natural objects of a pleasing kind, holds both hands vertical, and across, and then moves them outwards. In admiration arising from some extraordinary or unexpected circumstances, the hands are thrown up supine elevated, together with the face and the eyes.

VENERATION crosses both hands on the breast, casts down the eyes slowly, and bows the head.

DEPRECATION advances in the extended position of the feet, approaching to kneeling, clasps the hands forcibly together, throws back the head, sinking it between the shoulders, and looks earnestly up to the person implored.

IN APPEALING TO HEAVEN the right hand is laid on the breast, then the left is projected supine upwards; the eyes are first directed forwards, and then upwards.

In the APPEAL TO CONSCIENCE the right hand is laid on the breast, the left drops unmoved, the eyes are fixed upon the person addressed; sometimes both hands press the breast.

SHAME IN THE EXTREME sinks on the knee and covers the eyes with both hands. This is a feminine expression of it.

MILD RESIGNATION falls on the knee, crosses the arms on the breast, and looks forwards and upwards towards heaven.

RESIGNATION mixed with DESPERATION stands erect and unmoved, the head thrown back, the eyes turned upwards and fixed, the arms crossed.

GRIEF, arising from sudden and afflicting intelligence, covers the eyes with one hand, advances forwards and throws back the other hand.

ATTENTION, DEMANDING SILENCE, holds the finger on

the lips and leans forwards, sometimes repressing with the left hand.

DISTRESS, when extreme, lays the palm of the hand upon the forehead, throws back the head and body, and retires with a long and sudden step.

DELIBERATION, on ordinary subjects, holds the chin and sets the arm akimbo.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY folds the arms, and sets himself on his center. This was a favorite posture of Bonaparte.

PRIDE throws back the body, and holds the head high.

These few complex significant gestures are some of the most obvious, and principally such as occurred in the illustration of other parts of this system; they serve, however, in some degree, to explain the nature of these gestures.

SURPRISE causes the body and lower limbs to retire, and affection stimulates the person to advance.

When the thoughts flow without difficulty or opposition, the movement of the limbs is free and direct. But when difficulties occur, or obstacles are discovered, a man either arrests his action entirely, or changes it to something altogether different. The direction of his eyes, and the action of his head, are also, under similar circumstances, quite altered. The eyes instead of moving freely from object to object, become fixed, and the head is thrown back, if hanging down on the breast.

MELANCHOLY is a feeble and passive affection; it is attended by a total relaxation of the muscles, with a mute and tranquil resignation, unaccompanied by opposition either to the cause or the sensibility of the evil. The character, externally, is languor, without motion, the head hanging at the "side next the heart," the eyes turned upon its object; if that is absent, fixed upon the ground, the hands hanging down by their own weight, without effort, and joined loosely together.

ANXIETY is of a different character; it is restless and

active, and manifest by the extension of the muscles; the eye is filled with fire, the breathing is quick, the motion is hurried, the head is thrown back, the whole body is extended. The sufferer is like a sick man who tosses incessantly, and finds himself uneasy in every situation.

The significant gestures, however numerous and correct, which a great actor makes in the representation of an entire dramatic character, bear no proportion to the number of those gestures which do not belong to this class, which are no less necessary, though they are not so splendid and imposing. The painter is struck by the boldest and finest of the significant gestures, which are called attitudes, and he records them; they are the proper objects of his art; they are striking, and less evanescent than the other gestures which pass unnoticed by him, although they make up by far the greater and more important part of the gestures requisite for illustrating the sentiments. These less prominent gestures give to the declamation its precision and force. A slight movement of the head, a look of the eye, a turn of the hand, a judicious pause, or interruption of gesture, or a change of position in the feet, often illuminates the meaning of a passage, and sends it full of life and warmth, into the understanding. And the perfection of gesture, in a tragedian, will be found to consist more in the skillful management of the less showy action, than in the exhibition of the finest attitudes. Attitudes are dangerous to hazard; the whole powers of the man must be wrought up to their highest energy, or they become forced and frigid. Excellent players have been seen, who have never ventured in attitude; but none, deserving the name of excellence, have ever appeared, whose declamation has been deficient in precision or propriety. Where all the solid foundation of just and appropriate action has been laid,

attitude, when regulated with taste and discretion, may be added to ornament the superstructure; but, when it is introduced unseasonably, or is overcharged, it is an evidence of deficiency of understanding, as well as of depravity of taste.

EXERCISE FOR WORD PAINTING.

When practicing on the following exercise care should be taken to speak each word with as much expression as possible, thus bringing out its meaning clearly. A great many more words suitable for the purpose might readily be found, and the student may add to my list at his discretion.

Sweet	Lofty	Gloat	Remorse
Sour	Deep	Sob	Groan
Bitter	Silence	Quiet	Shook
Feeble	Sin	Glorious	Gasping
Mystery	Slow	Hate	Vacant
Flash	Dim	Despair	Severe
Frenzy	Gloom	Anguish	Fade
Pain	Poor	Laughter	Force
Slave	Sneak	Husky	Small
Vague	Honor	Thunder	Holy
Hoarse	Joy	Stern	Near
Bereft	Rage	Despair	Smooth
Courage	Wailing	Large	Betrayed
Calmly	Sorrow	Crouch	Fear
Murmur	Haughty	Far	Quive
Horror	Sigh	Blight	Faith
Dreaming	Long	Spurned	Pity
Burning	Hope	Trembled	Doubt
Kind	Full	Turbulent	Freezing
Cross	Shame	Hushed	Terrible
Love	Towered	Scorn	Surged
Glittered	Growled	Wonder	Shouted

Exercise in Coloring Words.

The lattice was open, and the wondrous melody came floating out upon the still night air. I knew it was he that was playing, and I hated him, and I tried not to stay and listen, but the magic of the music held me spell-bound and I could not stir. And the throbbing notes passed by me into the darkness like the quivering of unseen wings, and they stretched their pinions under me and raised me up, till it seemed as though the little world had sunk away beneath my feet, and the rushing song was bearing me up to the gates of Heaven. And then the music broke with a bitter cry, as though some heart had burst, and the trembling chords were heavy with tears—now pitiful and low like the quiet sobbing of a little child, and now terrible and stern like the deep moaning of a strong man in his agony, and then it rose once more up through the star-lit temple of the night, cleaving the silence with a note so sweet, so pure, so full, so glorious with triumph over conquered pain that I felt as if my very soul were beating to escape against its prison bars, and knowing hardly what I did, I threw myself upon the ground and clung to it, and cried—I could not help it—till the playing ceased and the vibrating harmony had been gathered up into the great bosom of the darkness, and had died away.

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION AND EMPHASIS.

Friends`, Romans`, countrymen`! lend me your ears;
 I come to bury` Cæsar`, not to praise` him.
 The evil` that men do lives after` them;
 The good` is oft interred` with their bones:
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus`
 Hath told you`, Cæsar` was ambitious`;
 If it were` so`, it was a grievous fault,
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,—
 For Brutus is an *honorable man,
 So are they all, all honorable men,—
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
 But Brutus says he was ambitious,⁷
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransom did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
 And Brutus is an honorable man. (?)
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
 And, sure, he is an honorable man† *†ironically.*
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause:
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

*“Brutus is an honorable man.” In the first instance it should be spoken as if he really meant what he said; in the second, almost the same, but with a slight shade of doubt; in the third it should be spoken as though he asked the people *If Brutus was an honorable man?*

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O Masters! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong.
 Who, you all know, are honorable men† *†ironically.*
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honorable men† *†ironically.*
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
 I found it in his closet; 't is his will.
 Let but the commons hear this testament,—
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle; I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day he overcame the Nervii.—
 Look! ♀. In this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
 See what a rent the envious Casca made;
 Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabbed,
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark ♀. how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;

For Brutus`, as you` know`, was Cæsar's` angel;
 Judge, O, ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him`!
This was the most unkindest cut of all`;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar` fell`.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 Oh! now you weep; and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity;—these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! What, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look ye here!
 Here is himself`, marred, as you see, by traitors`.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They` that have done` this deed are honorable!† † *irony*.
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
 That love` my friend; and that they know full` well`
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood;—I only speak right on;
 I tell you that` which you yourselves` do know`;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

[ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS—*Shakespeare*.]

The quality of mercy is not strained;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath: It is twice bless'd;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown:

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,

But mercy is above this sceptred sway;

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons Justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though Justice be thy plea, consider this,

That in the course of Justice, none of us

Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy.

[PORTIA'S SPEECH ON MERCY—*Shakespeare*.]

SELECTED RECITATIONS

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

PHILIP LAWRENCE.

A year ago, on board a merchant ship,
I sailed to the far land of Africa.
One lovely morn I landed on the shore
To gather fruit from off the laden boughs.
Refreshed by luscious grapes I wandered on,
And soon approached a venerable wood,
Whose tall majestic trees in their deep shade
Would shield me from the fierce rays of the sun.
As I walked, sheltered by a leafy roof,
Which tho o'erhanging bows spread over me,
I heard the stag call loudly to its mate,
And heard the doe in gentle tones reply.
Sometimes a serpent hissed within the shade,
And warned me to beware of poisoned fangs;
Still I pressed onward with a lightsome heart,
Till, as I turned a corner of the wood,
Right in my path a lordly lion stood.
Each stood amazed and gazed upon the other.
Then the majestic brute slowly advanced
Until not more than thirty feet away.
With a low growl resembling muffled thunder
He fixed his glaring eyes full upon mine,
As if to fright all courage from my heart.
I stood transfixed and hardly dared to breathe.
What visions passed before my mental eyes!
I seemed to see my native home once more,
I seemed to hear my mother's voice again.

As in a dream the past deeds of my life
Began to pass before my mental sight.
Then the trees glided on in mystic dance,
And beauteous colors floated in the air;
A lovely rainbow spanned the azure sky,
And angels' songs were ringing in mine ears.
Sudden the vision vanished, and I knew
That I was standing, face to face, with Death.
All this time mine eyes had never wavered,
But had returned the lion's piercing gaze,
Who seemed irresolute and did not spring.
It thus appears to me that the wild beast
Will not attack the daring man, unless
Some sign of fear should in his face be seen.
There is a majesty which God hath given
Unto the face of man, that, until he
Degrades his noble nature by base fear,
Or shameful vice, not even the fiercest beast
Will dare attack him, standing face to face,
But springs upon him when he 's unaware.
How long we stood in mutual amaze
I cannot say: it seemed to me an age.
Suddenly the lion lifted up his voice,
And the vast forest echoed with his roar;
As if the awful "Trump of Doom" had blown,
All did awake as from the sleep of Death;
The jackals howled, the frightened eagle screamed,
The monkeys chattered, and the herds of deer
Fled swiftly far away in wild affright.
I did not move, although my heart beat fast.
At length the royal beast, with stately tread,
Turned slowly round, and went upon its way.
I feel I am no hypocrite, but yet
I do not shame to say, that I sank down
Upon my knees, in grateful thanks to God!
Who had preserved me in dark peril's hour.

"BAY BILLY."

FRANK H. CASSAWAY.

You may talk of horses of renown,
What Goldsmith Maid has done,
How Dexter cut the seconds down,
And Fellowcraft's great run.
Would you hear about a horse that once
A mighty battle won?

'Twas the last fight at Fredericksburg—
Perhaps, the day you reck,
Our boys, the Twenty-Second Maine,
Kept Early's men in check.
Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,
And held it with a will;
Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back, re-formed,
And kept our columns still.

At last from out the center fight
Spurred up a General's Aid.

"That battery *must* silenced be!"

He cried, as past he sped.

Our Colonel simply touched his cap,
And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.

No wounded man but raised his head

And strove to gasp his name,

And those who could not speak nor stir,

"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero gray and grim;
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half way up,
When, midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bay'nets fell.
And, as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,
And when the bugle said
"Up, charge again!" no man was there
But hung his dogged head.
"We've no one left to lead us now,"
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line
The Colonel's horse we spied—
Bay Billy with his trappings on,
His nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
His master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh, that seemed to say
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-Second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there,
And gazed a little space;
Above that floating mane we missed

The dear familiar face;
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done.
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run;
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and the dead
We sought our leader dumb,
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

And then the dusk and dew of night
Fell softly o'er the plain,
As though o'er man's dread work of death
The angels wept again,
And drew night's curtain gently round
A thousand beds of pain.

All night the surgeon's torches went
The ghastly rows between—
All night with solemn step I paced
The torn and bloody green;
But who that fought in that big war
Such dread sights have not seen!

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies,
As if to e'en the sleepers there
It bade wake, and arise!
Though naught but that last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,
 Stretched out the long brigade;
Trimly upon the furrowed field
 The troops stood on parade.
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed
 The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-Second's men
 Were in their place that morn,
And Corp'ral Dick, who yester-morn
 Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
 For all between had gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
 When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
 The solemn Sergeant tries—
One feels that thumping of the heart
 As no prompt voice replies.

And as in falt'ring tones and slow
 The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
 Toiled up with weary tread.
It caught the Sergeant's eye, and quick
 Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
 All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
 Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front, from end to end,
 The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
 Could still our mighty cheer,
And ever from that famous day,

When rang the roll-call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
The whole line answered "Here!"

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

GEORGE CROLY.

CONSCRIPT FATHERS:

I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that Plebeian talk, 'tis not *my* trade;
But *here* I stand for right—let him show *proofs*,—
For Roman right, though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, *slaves*!
His charge is false;—I *dare* him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

But this I will avow, that I *have* scorned
And still *do* scorn, to hide my sense of wrong.
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what?

To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, mouldering monument to Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;
(*To the Senate.*)

Fling down your sceptres; take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law.

Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?

Who 'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished! I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But *now* my sword 's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul 's merciful;—for this, all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline!

“Traitor!” I go; but, I *return*! This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day 's the birth of sorrow; this hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my Lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus; all shames and crimes;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but when I come, 't will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake,—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral-pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! (*To the Lictors.*)
I will return.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Hold the lantern aside, and shudder not so;
There 's more blood to see than this stain on the snow;
There are pools of it, lakes of it, just over there,
And fixed faces all streaked, and crimson-soaked hair.
Did you think, when we came, you and I, out to-night
To search for our dead, yon would be a fair sight?

You 're his wife; you love him—you think so; and I
Am only his mother; my boy shall not lie
In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can bear
His form to a grave that mine own shall soon share.
So, if your strength fails, best go sit by the hearth,
While his mother alone seeks his bed on the earth.

You will go! then no faintings! Give me the light,
And follow my footsteps,—my heart will lead right.
Ah, God! what is here? a great heap of slain,
All mangled and gory!—what horrible pain
These beings have died in! Dear mothers, ye weep,
Ye weep, oh, ye weep o'er this terrible sleep!

More! more! Ah! I thought I could never more know
Grief, horror, or pity, for aught here below,
Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief tell
How brave was my son, how he gallantly fell.
Did they think I cared then to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand!

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor fright,
That your red hands turn over toward this dim light
These dead men that stare so? Ah, if you had kept
Your senses this morning ere his comrades had left,
You had heard that his place was worst of them all,—
Not 'mid the stragglers,—where he fought he would fall.

There 's the moon through the clouds: O Christ what a scene!

Dost thou from thy heavens o'er such visions lean,
And still call this cursed world a footstool of thine?
Hark, a groan! there another,—here in this line
Piled close on each other! Ah, here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore;—bah! they died for this rag.

Here 's the voice that we seek: poor soul, do not start;
We're women, not ghosts. What a gash o'er the heart!
Is there aught we can do? A message to give
To any beloved one? I swear, if I live,
To take it for sake of the words my boy said,
"Home," "mother," "wife," ere he reeled down mong
the dead.

But, first, can you tell where his regiment stood?
Speak, speak, man, or point; 't was the Ninth. Oh, the
blood

Is choking his voice! What a look of despair!
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the hair
From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my darling, my own,
My hands were both idle when you died alone.

He 's dying—he 's dead! Close his lids, let us go.
God's peace on his soul! If we only could know
Where our own dear one lies!—my soul has turned sick;
Must we crawl o'er these bodies that lie here so thick!
I cannot! I cannot! How eager you are!
One might think you were nursed on the red lap of War.

He 's not here,—and not here. What wild hopes flash
through

My thoughts, as foot-deep I stand in this dread dew,
And cast up a prayer to the blue, quiet sky!
Was it you, girl, that shrieked? Ah! what face doth lie
Upturned toward me there, so rigid and white?
O God, my brain reels! 'T is a dream. My old sight

Is dimmed with these horrors. My son! oh, my son!
Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!
There, lift off your arms; let him come to the breast
Where first he was lulled, with my soul's hymn, to rest.
Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond kiss
As mine to his baby-touch; was it for this?

He was yours, too; he loved you? Yes, yes, you're right.
Forgive me, my daughter, I'm maddened to-night.
Do n't moan so, dear child; you're young, and your years
May still hold fair hopes; but the old die of tears.
Yes, take him again;—ah! do n't lay your face there;
See, the blood from his wound has stained your loose
hair.

How quiet you are! Has she fainted?—her cheek
Is cold as his own. Say a word to me,—speak!
Am I crazed! Is she dead! Has *her* heart broke first!
Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst.
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, all alone with these dead;
Those corpses are stirring; God help my poor head!

I'll sit by my children until the men come
To bury the others, and then we'll go home.
Why, the slain are all dancing! Dearest, do n't move.
Keep away from my boy; he's guarded by love.
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep!
God and thy mother will watch o'er thee keep.

DRIFTING.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;—

The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies,—
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From land of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
 To rise and dip,
 With the blue crystal at your lip!
 O happy crew,
 My heart with you
 Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
 The worldly shore
 Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
 With dreamful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Under the walls of Paradise!

CHARGE OF PICKETT'S DIVISION AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

WILLIAM MCMICHAEL.

It is twelve o'clock, July 3d, and to-morrow will be the anniversary of our Independence. What tidings of joy or of sorrow shall its bells proclaim to the people. Gird your loins, ye yeomen of our legions, for it is honor, and liberty, and a nation for which you are contending. Twelve o'clock, and the heart of nature seems almost to cease its beating in the intensity of dread expectation, while the effulgent sun looking down at high meridian seems as of old to stand still in its course, as though shrinking appalled from the fearful slaughter it shall witness. The pause of carnage, the brink of fate, for as the great orb bends slowly towards the western horizon and marks the single hour upon the dial, a signal gun breaks the solemn stillness.

And then from the line of the enemy all along those hills where his masses lie waiting, there bursts forth a tempest of flame and smoke, and terrific cannonading, such as this continent never before witnessed; nor seems to slacken its thundering death-hail until from

the sulphurous canopy, a part of the rebel front is seen advancing. Now for the tug of war! Now for the death-grip of the battle! For yonder come Pickett's men, who swear by the Lone Star they never have been beaten and never will be, and on their either flank warriors of a score of fights.

Eighteen thousand tested veterans, wrought into a titanic war-bolt—shaft of adamant, edges of steel—hurled forth to crush our center with ponderous onslaught. As they start, down rides Hancock along our line, superb that day in the beauty of his valor. "Here they come!" he cries out cheerily, "Here they come, in three lines of battle! Steady, men, steady!" "All right, General, we are ready! We hold this line, or die on it!" But as they develop in the fields and move forward, our artillery rains destruction. It rakes them with shot, it rends them with shell, until on right and left they falter and stagger. Their flanks are crumbling, but their center keeps firm. Oh! stay them, Pickett. Your men of iron, they seem too brave to kill! But on they come, and on, and on, till we see their faces and hear their yells. These are not men; they are furies, maddened with treason, frenzied with hate. Now, fire! comrades! fire!—up and at them! Fight, men, fight for your wives and your children and your homes. They sweep on us like demons—are at the guns, are on the wall!—hand to hand, steel to steel, knife to knife. Now, Cushing, give them your canister! Now, Woodruff, tear them with your grape! Hall, to the rescue!—72d, down on them like tigers! Flank them, Stannard! crush them, Gibbon! mash them, Webb! They reel, they waver, their colors are going! They break, they break!—they retreat, they retreat! The charge is repulsed, the battle is won! All honor to our heroes who survive—all reverence for those who have fallen—all praise to their gallant leader, and all thanks unto God who gave us the victory.

SOFTLY MURMUR.

PHILIP LAWRENCE.

Softly murmur, gentle breezes,
Waft my thoughts to her I love,
Lightly lift her flowing ringlets,
O'er her tender bosom rove;
Tell her that her image ever
In my breast has made its home,
That my heart will never waver,
But will beat for her alone.

Softly murmur, gentle waters,
Flowing down the mossy glade;
Bringing perfume to the flowers;
Giving lightness to the shade;
Bringing fragrance to the forest,
In the pleasant hours of e'en;
To the fields a robe of beauty,
To the leaves a brighter green.

Softly murmur, gentle voices,
Soothing care and healing woe,
Bringing to the chastened spirit
Hopes forgotten long ago.
Bringing comfort to the dying;
To the weary, giving rest;
Like the whispering of angels
In the mansions of the blest.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS; OR, TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

WM. PETER.

"Here, guards!" pale with fear, Dionysius cries,
"Here, guards, yon intruder arrest!
"T is Damon—but ha! speak, what means this disguise?
And the dagger which gleams in thy vest?"

"'T was to irèè," says the youth, "this dear land from its chains!"

"Free the land! wretched fool, thou shalt die for thy pains."

"I am ready to die—I ask not to live,—
Yet three days of respite, perhaps thou may'st give,
For to-morrow, my sister will wed,
And 't would damp all her joy, were her brother not
there;

Then let me, I pray, to her nuptials repair,
While a friend remains here in my stead."

With a sneer on his brow, and a curse in his breast,
"Thou shalt have," cries the tyrant, "shalt have thy
request;

To thy sister repair, and her nuptials attend,
Enjoy thy three days, but—mark well what I say—
Return on the third; if, beyond that fixed day,
There be but one hour's, but one moment's delay,
That delay shall be death to thy friend!"

Then to Pythias he went; and he told him his case;
That true friend answered not, but, with instant embrace,
Consenting, rushed forth to be bound in his room;
And now, as if winged with new life from above,
To his sister he flew, did his errand of love,
And, ere a third morning had brightened the grove,
Was returning with joy to his doom.

But the heavens interpose,
Stern the tempest arose,
And when the poor pilgrim arrived at the shore,
Swoll'n to torrents, the rills
Rushed in foam from the hills,
And crash went the bridge in the whirlpool's wild roar.

Wildly gazing, despairing, half frenzied he stood;
Dark, dark were the skies, and dark was the flood,

And still darker his lorn heart's emotion;
And he shouted for aid, but no aid was at hand,
No boat ventured forth from the surf-ridden strand,
And the waves sprang, like woods, o'er the lessening land,
And the stream was becoming an ocean.

Now with knees low to earth, and with hands to the skies,
"Still the storm, God of might, God of mercy!" he
cries—

"O, hush with Thy breath this loud sea;
The hours hurry by,—the sun glows on high;
And should he go down, and I reach not yon town,
My friend—he must perish for me!"

Yet the wrath of the torrent still went on increasing,
And waves upon waves still dissolved without ceasing,
And hour after hour hurried on;
Then by anguish impelled, hope and fear alike o'er,
He, reckless, rushed into the water's deep roar;
Rose—sunk—struggled on—till, at length, the wished
shore,—

Thanks to Heaven's outstretched hand—it is won!"

'T is sunset; and Damon arrives at the gate,
Sees the scaffold and multitudes gazing below;
Already the victim is bared for his fate,
Already the deathsmen stand armed for the blow;
When hark! a wild voice which is echoed around,
"Stay!—'t is I—it is Damon, for whom he was bound!"

And now they sink in each other's embrace,
And are weeping for joy and despair;
Not a soul among thousands, but melts at their case,
Which swift to the monarch they bear;
Even he, too, is moved—feels for once as he ought—
And commands that they both to his throne shall be
brought.

Then,—alternately gazing on each gallant youth.

With looks of awe, wonder and shame;—

“Ye have conquered!” he cries, “yes, I see now **that** truth,—

That friendship is not a mere name.

Go;—you ’re free; but, while life’s dearest blessings you prove,

Let one prayer of your monarch be heard,

That his past sins forget—in this union of love,

And of virtue—you make him the third.”

CLARENCE’S DREAM.

SHAKESPEARE.

Brakenbury. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence. Oh! I have passsd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though ’t were to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we looked towards England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befallen us. As we passed along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O, Heaven! methought, what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
 I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
 But smothered it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. Oh, no! my dream was lengthened after life,
 Oh! then began the tempest to my soul!
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman, which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
 Who cried aloud,—“What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?”
 And so he vanished: Then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,—
 “Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
 That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury;—
 Sieze on him, furies, take him to your torments!”—

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. I pray thee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

THE BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

FRANK OLIVE.

Well, No! My wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost her all
the same;

She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.

It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree—

When you hear the circumstances—'t was rather rough
on me.

She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at Malvern Hill;
And when I married her she seemed to sorrow for him
still;

But I brought her here to Kansas, and I never want to see
A better wife than Mary was for five bright years to me.

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a
rosy glow

Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all
their snow.

I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think that of
her, sir,

And as for me—I can't begin to tell how I loved her!

Three years ago the baby came our humble home to bless;
And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happiness;

'T was hers—'t was mine—; but I've no language to
explain to you,
How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together
drew!

Once we watched it through a fever, and with each
gasping breath,
Dumb with an awful, wordless woe, we waited for its
death;
And, though I'm not a pious man, our souls together
there,
For Heaven to spare our darling, went up in voiceless
prayer.

And when the doctor said 't would live, our joy what
words could tell?
Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears to-
gether fell.
Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell across our little nest,
But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly welcome
guest.

Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing;
Early and late you'd find me there a hammering and
singing;
Love nerved my arm to labor, and moved my tongue to
song,
And though my singing was n't sweet, it was tremendous
strong!

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail
a shoe,
And while I was at work, we passed a compliment or two;
I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 't was shot
away
At Malvern Hill. "At Malvern Hill! Did you know
Robert May?"

"That's me," said he. "You, you!" I gasped, choking
with horrid doubt;

"If you're the man, just follow me; we'll try this mys-
tery out!"

With dizzy steps, I led him to Mary. God! 'T was true!
Then the bitterest pangs of misery, unspeakable, I knew.

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone,
And from her quivering lips there broke one wild,
despairing moan.

'T was he! the husband of her youth, now risen from
the dead;

But all too late—and with one bitter cry, her senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead. On his
return

He strove in vain some tidings of his absent wife to
learn;

'T was well that he was innocent! Else I'd have
killed him, too,

So dead he never would have rized till Gabriel's trumpet
blew!

It was agreed that Mary then between us should decide,
And each by her decision would sacredly abide.

No sinner, at the judgment seat, waiting eternal doom,
Could suffer what I did, while waiting sentence in that
room.

Rigid and breathless, there we stood, with nerves as
tense as steel,

While Mary's eye sought each white face, in piteous ap-
peal.

God! could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled
Between her lawful husband and the father of her child?

Ah, how my heart was chilled to ice when she knelt
down and said:

"Forgive me, John! He is my husband! Here! Alive!
not dead!"

I raised her tenderly, and tried to tell her she was right,
But somehow in my aching breast the prisoned words
stuck tight!

"But, John, I can't leave baby"—"What! wife and
child!" cried I;

"Must I yield all! Ah, cruel fate! Better that I should die.
Think of the long, sad, lonely hours, waiting in gloom
for me—

No wife to cheer me with her love—no babe to climb
my knee!

"And yet—you are her mother, and the sacred mother
love

Is still the purest, tenderest tie that Heaven ever wove.
Take her, but promise, Mary—for that will bring no
shame—

My little girl shall bear, and learn to lisp her father's
name!"

It may be, in the life to come, I'll meet my child and wife;
But yonder, by my cottage gate, we parted for this life;
One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream of love
was done!

One long embrace from baby, and my happiness was
gone!

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

MRS. HEMANS.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his
heart of fire,

And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned
sire;

"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive
train,

I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—Oh! break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day:

Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."—

Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,

And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,

With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;

—"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,

The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see.'

His dark eye flashed,—his proud breast heaved,—his cheek's hue came and went,—

He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there dismounting bent;

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold,—a frozen thing,—it dropped from his like lead,—

He looked up to the face above,—the face was of the dead.

A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—the brow was fixed and white;—

He met at last his father's eyes,—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed;—but who could paint that gaze!

They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and
amaze:—

They might have chained him, as before that stony form
he stood;

For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his
lip the blood.

“Father!” at length he murmured low, and wept like
childhood then—

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of war-
like men!

He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young
renown,—

He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat
down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly
mournful brow,

“No more, there is no more,” he said, “to lift the sword
for now,—

My king is false, my hope betrayed! My father—oh! the
worth,

The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from
earth!

“I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire!
beside thee yet!—

I would that there our kindred blood on Spain’s free soil
had met!—

Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then;—for thee my
fields were won;

And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou
hadst no son!”

Then starting from the ground once more, he seized
the monarch’s rein,

Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier
train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-
horse led,
And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the
dead:—

“ Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to
kiss?

—Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what
is this?

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought,—give answer,
where are they?

—If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life
through this cold clay!

“ Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still, keep down
thine ire!—

Bid these white lips a blessing speak,—this earth is not
my sire:—

Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my
blood was shed,—

Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on
thy head! ”

He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell;—upon the
silent face

He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned
from that sad place:

His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial
strain:

His banner led the spears no more, amidst the hills of
Spain.

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

HOOD.

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;—
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily;

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer
One still, and a nearer
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings were changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver;

But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it,—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen so rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,

Into her rest,—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

ON BEING FOUND GUILTY OF HIGH TREASON.

ROBERT EMMETT.

What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say which can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored—as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country—to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hope that I can anchor my character in the breast of a Court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your Lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor, to shelter it from the rude storm by which it is at present buffeted.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and

meet the fate that awaits me, without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy: for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the Court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my Lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice:—the man dies, but his memory lives: that mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

My Lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind, by humiliation, to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this Court. You, my Lord, are a judge. I am the supposed culprit. I am a man,—you are a man also. By a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this Court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar, and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but, while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions. As a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the best use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after

me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my Lord, we must appear, on the great day, at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who are engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives,—my country's oppressors or myself.

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France!—and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition; and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No! I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country,—not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? For a change of masters?—No; but for ambition! O, my country! was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life! O God! No! my Lord; I acted as an Irishman determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in the patriicide, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor, and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had fitted her to fill.

Connection with France was, indeed, intended; but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid of them; and we sought it, as we had assurance we should obtain it,—as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace. Were the French to come in as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the People, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I would meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war; and I would animate you to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil. If they succeeded in landing, and if we were forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass before them, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave.

I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your Lordship expressed it, “the life and blood of the conspiracy.” You do me honor overmuch. You have given the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my Lord;—men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends,—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand! [Here he was interrupted by Lord Norbury.]

What, my Lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediate minister, has erected for my murder,

that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed, in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my short life,—am I to be appalled here, before a mere remnant of mortality?—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have caused to be shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your Lordship might swim in it! [Here the Judge interfered.]

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression and the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for my views. No inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation or treachery, from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and the enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country—who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No. God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even

for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life!

My Lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me,—and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world;—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth,—then, and not till then,—let my epitaph be written! I have done.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her sacred bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their grown virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one long, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,—
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
• His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossod in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came: nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had,—a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished), a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dead abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said.
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well:
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

IRON HEARTS BETTER THAN IRON SHIPS.

PHILIP LAWRENCE.

One twenty-fourth of April, was a grandly glorious day,
When Iron Ships and Iron Hearts met in a deadly fray.
The crimson tints of morning were gleaming in the sky,
As the gallant fleet moved on, the fate of war to try.

In our noble oaken ships each man was at his gun,
Every sailor's eye was sparkling for glory to be won;
Although each heart beat faster, there was no thrill of
 fear,
And to the foemen's shot and shell we answered with a
 cheer.

Our dauntless vessel led the van, our captain we could
 see
Spliced to the mast with knotted rope, a hero there sat
 he!

He looked as calm as if it were a joyful festal day,
And bade the helmsman steer the ship into the thickest
fray.

The iron ships of the enemy commenced the fierce
attack,

Their chain balls and their iron shot made our oaken
timbers crack;

We answered, not until we got right close up to the foe,
When our brave captain shouted out, "Now, my boys,
strike the blow."

Then every gun poured out its fire: down deep their
gunboat went,

As if the lightning from the clouds its fiery bolts had sent,
And where a stout ship was floating a little while before,
Not a trace of her was seen, but the waves were red with
gore.

Against the next our ship was steered, and struck her
amidship;

Just as a wrestler grasps his foe and hurls him o'er his
hip,

So our steel prowed vessel overthrew the iron plated foe,
And o'er another sinking ship the rolling waves did flow.

Then the two fleets were mingled and fought the deadly
fight:

The smoke from the cannons' mouths hid the heavens
from our sight,

The thundering roar of mortars and the shrill shriek of
shell,

Like Pandemonium made the earth seem to resemble
Hell.

While the fight was fiercely raging, ere the victory was
won,

A shell stretched on the bloody deck the captain's little
son;

While the blood was pouring from his wounds his
plaintive cry arose,
"Oh heaven! I cannot fight again against my country's
foes."

When we saw our little hero fall each heart with grief
was sore,

Then every man rushed to his gun, and soon the can-
non's roar

Hurled death and ruin on the foe, who scarcely could
reply

A feeble shout, to our loud cheers, ringing triumphantly!

Before the day was over we had blotted out their fleet,
For five we sunk, eleven we took, and made the rest re-
treat;

Of twenty ships with which the foe that day began the
fight,

But four escaped, their battered hulls hid by the wings
of night.

Then glory to the gallant tars! the boys who knew not
fear,

Hurrah for fair Columbia! who such gallant sons doth
rear,

Hurrah for the jolly sailors! who in spite of Death's
keen darts,

Proved that Iron Ships were useless when opposed by
Iron Hearts.

FITZ JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The chief in silence strode before,
And reached the torrent's sounding shore
And here his course the chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the lowland warrior said:—

“Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust;
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard.
Now, man to man, steel to steel,
A chieftain’s vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.

The Saxon paused:—“I ne’er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:

Can naught but blood our feud atone?
And are there no means?”—“No, stranger, none!
And here,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
‘Who spills the foremost foeman’s life,
His party conquers in the strife.’”
“Then, by my word,” the Saxon said,
“The riddle is already read;
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdock,† stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me;

† Red Murdock was a faithless guide whom Fitz James had just before slain.

To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt, be still his foe;
Or, if the king shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strength restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate.—
My clansman's blood demands revenge!—

Not yet prepared?—By Heaven I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light,
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill-deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair!"

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein,
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, be gone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud chief! can courtesy be shown.

Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast;
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt,
We'll try this quarrel hilt to hilt."

Then each at once, his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz James's blade was sword and shield.

He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood.

Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wint'ry rain,
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand,
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

"Now yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,

Full at Fitz James's throat he sprung,
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.'

Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain; down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz James below.

The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!

But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye;
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all Fitz James arose.

RICHELIEU AND FRANCE.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

My liege, your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers, but my name,—my deeds,—
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre.
Pass sentence on me, if you will!—from kings,
Lo, I appeal to Time! Be just my liege.
I found your kingdom rent with heresies,

And bristling with rebellion;—lawless nobles
And breadless serfs; England fomenting discord,
Austria, her clutch on your dominion; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armed thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead;
Trade rotted in your marts; your Armies mutinous,
Your Treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
Your trust, so be it! and I leave you, sole,
Supremest monarch of the mightiest realm,
From Ganges to the Icebergs. Look without—
No foe not humbled! Look within,—the Arts
Quit, for our schools, their old Hesperides,
The golden Italy! while throughout the veins
Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
Trade, the calm health of nations! Sire, I know
That men have called me cruel;—
I am not;—I am just! I found France rent asunder,
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have re-created France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization, on her luminous wings,
Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove! What was my art?
Genius, some say; some, Fortune; Witchcraft, some.
Not so;—my art was Justice!

THE ANGELS OF BEUNA VISTA.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far
away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come
they near?

Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm
we hear?

“Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreats and now advances!

Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla’s charging lances!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;

Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the Northern ball.”

Nearer came the storm, and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on.

Speak, Ximena, speak, and tell us who has lost and who has won;

“Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall;
O’er the dying rush the living; pray, my sisters, for them
all!

“Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting; Blessed Mother, save my brain!

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain;

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

“Oh, my heart’s love! oh, my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? Canst thou see?

Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! oh, my Bernard, look once more

On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o’er.”

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down
to rest;

Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his
breast;

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses
said;

To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a
soldier lay,

Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow
his life away;

But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away
her head;

With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her
dead;

But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his strug-
gling breath of pain,

And she raised the cooling water to his parched lips
again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand, and
faintly smiled;

Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch
beside her child?

All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart
supplied;

With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured
he, and died.

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee
forth

From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely, in
the North!"

Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with
her dead,
And turned to soothe the living still, and bind the
wounds which bled. .

Look forth once more, Ximena; "Like a cloud before
the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and
death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the
wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O, thou Christ of God,
forgive."

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray
shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons,—drop thy curtain over
all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the
battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips
grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn, and
faint, and lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers with a tender care
they hung,
And the dying foemen blessed them in a strange and
Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the
Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle Love and Pity send
their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

ANALYSIS OF POE'S RAVEN.

PHILIP LAWRENCE.

There is no poem in the English language whose real meaning has caused more diversity of opinion in the literary world than Poe's weird, fantastic, rhythmical poem, "The Raven." We will endeavor, with all due humility, to produce the key to unlock the mystery.

Let us call to mind the story of Poe's youthful passion for a noble and pure-minded maiden, who died at the age of twenty years. When all her cherished hopes and aspirations for the beloved one, whose fame was dearer to her than fortune, or even life itself, were blasted, and she discovered that, faithless to his promise of reformation from his follies, he still remained on terms of intimacy with low companions, she gave up all hope and died of a broken heart.

This so affected the poet that, although he had never been unkind to her, either by word or deed, his chief fault in this case being deficiency of moral courage, his conscience whispered that he was morally guilty of her death, and for many years he could not shake off the depression of heart he felt whenever his thoughts went back to her whom he had loved and lost. The real meaning of the "Raven" is Remorse; and any one who aspires to the merit of reciting the poem correctly must remember that when Poe says, "Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore," he does not mean that he should drink of any beverage like the hemlock of Socrates, or a medicine to lull pain, but the nepenthe of the mind, Forgetfulness; because if he could forget Lenore he would be happy.

We will now, as briefly as possible, describe the poem. Let us bear in mind that Poe was a spiritualist, and that

the "Raven" is a spiritual narration. The poet was sitting in his study late at night, and had been reading, not books for amusement, or even instruction, but tales of Egyptian mysteries, (old forgotten lore) that told of the invocation of spirits from the tomb. Hearing a slight noise, and his imagination being excited by what he had been reading, he thought, "Can that be a spirit at the door, or did I only fancy I heard a noise?" Endeavoring to shake off his fears, he tried to persuade himself that it was only some friend or visitor calling at that late hour. His thoughts then recurred to that loved being whose body was in the earth, but whose spirit had ascended to its kindred in heaven, and had received a new name in the spiritual world. Her name was Alice while on earth, but she was now re-named Lenore.

His imagination being so fully excited, even the rustling of the curtain thrilled him and filled him with the most fantastic terror; so that to reassure his heart he tried to convince himself that it was only a friend at the door, and he addresses the supposed visitor, and begs pardon for not answering the request for admission. He then throws the door wide open, and, to his surprise, he can neither see any one, or even hear the rustling of the garment of a person retiring. Standing still, and for a long time peering into the darkness, full of wonder, fear and doubt, his thoughts recur to the loved one who every evening would come to his study, and with her gentle voice soothe his cares, and encourage him to persevere in his noble struggle for fame. Forgetting that she is dead, he, in a low tone of voice utters the name "Lenore;" no real voice replies, but his heart answers, like an echo, that Lenore is dead, and will return no more. He then, with his soul burning within him, returns into his chamber, and again fancies he hears the knocking; but this time it appears to proceed from the

window, and he throws it wide open, when, to his intense astonishment, a ghostly bird, in the shape of a Raven, enters the room, and, without noticing the poet in any way, perches itself upon a bust of the goddess Pallas, that was placed over the door of the chamber. He addresses the bird, and requests it to tell him its name. The bird answers, *Nevermore*. He marvels at the answer given, but thinks there can be no meaning in it, and mutters to himself that other friends have fled before, and that on the morrow this new friend will also leave him. But when the bird replies that it will never do so, he is startled at receiving such an apt reply to his remark. He then seats himself upon the couch where he had passed so many happy hours of intellectual enjoyment with the loving maiden who cheered his lonely lot with her smiles, and wondered what the bird meant by croaking *Nevermore*.

Realizing all he had lost when Lenore died, and full of remorse, he imagines that the air becomes denser, and that the footsteps of the angels are audible around him. He then bids his heart take courage, because God has sent him the blessing of forgetfulness. But the Raven tells him that he is mistaken. He appeals to the bird, and acknowledges that it is a prophet, and asks it if he truly repents will he not be forgiven. The Raven answers, *Never*. He then implores the bird to inform him if he shall be reunited in the land of spirits to the maiden he adores. The Raven replies, *No!* Full of indignation at the reply, so contrary to the teachings of Christianity, he denounces the bird, and tells it to take its beak from out his heart, and return to the kingdom of darkness from whence it came. The bird replies that it will never leave him. Imagining that he must have committed the unpardonable sin, he gives way to the anguish of his soul; and in the deepest despondency he feels that the Raven, or Remorse, will be

sitting upon his heart forever, and that his soul will never be lifted from utter despair.

Some elocutionists, in their rendition of the poem, do not grasp the real meaning of the poet; they recite it as if all they describe is a literal fact, and that while Poe is in his chamber a real bird enters at the window and converses with him. The proof of this assertion is to be found in their manner of delivery of the last verse of the poem; for when they say, (after imploring the Raven to take its beak from out their heart)

“ But the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas,
Just above my chamber door,”

They point to the bust of Pallas over the door of the chamber, instead of placing their hands upon the breast, and pressing them convulsively against the region of the heart, thus explaining to the audience that Remorse is there. Their error must be manifest to every intelligent mind for this reason: If the Raven remained sitting upon the bust of Pallas over the door of the chamber, Poe had but to leave the room, and, bidding the bird good-night, walk away in peace and tranquillity of mind, leaving his tormentor behind him. On the contrary, if the Spiritual Bird, or Remorse, was sitting upon the spiritual bust of Pallas, then the undying beak of the bird would, like the Vulture of Prometheus, devour all the aspirations of his soul, and make a chaos of his mind.

The exquisite art of the poet is nowhere more evident than in his description of the Raven sitting upon the bust of Pallas, as he thus gradually enables the intelligent and inquiring mind to grasp its spiritual and real meaning. If he had described the bird as first alighting upon his breast and plunging its beak into his heart,

then depicted it as perched upon the bust of Pallas over the door of his chamber, the description would have been incorrect, because remorse does not affect the heart until it has afflicted the mind. The first visitation of this awful guest would be to the brain; then, when convinced of the truth of its accusations, the anguish of the heart would follow

Any painter illustrating this grand poem should depict the Raven sitting upon the bust of Pallas over the door of the chamber, all through the poem, with the exception of the last two verses. On the last verse but one it should be represented tearing with its beak at the poet's breast; and on the last verse as perched upon his heart and brooding over it.

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I ponder'd, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

“’T is some visitor,” I mutter’d, “tapping at my chamber door—

Only this, and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain,

Thrill'd me,—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt
before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating,

"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door;

That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no
longer,

"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I im-
plore;

But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber
door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I open'd wide
the door,

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,
wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to
dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no
token,

And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word,
"Lenore!"

This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word,
"LENORE!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than
before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window
lattice;

Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery ex-
plore,—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery ex-
plore:

'T is the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt
and flutter,

In there stepp'd a stately raven of the saintly days of
yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopp'd
or stay'd he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my cham-
ber door,—

Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
door—

Perched and sat and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it
wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
"art sure no craven;

Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the
nightly shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore?"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvell'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above his chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if its soul in that one word he did out-pour.

Nothing further then he utter'd—not a feather then he flutter'd—

Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have flown before—

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster

Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden bore,

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—Never—nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird, and bust, and door.

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
ing

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore

Meant in croaking “Nevermore!”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
ing

To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core.

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease, re-
clining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated
o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloat-
ing o'er,

She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from
an unseen censer

Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the
tufted floor.

“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these
angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore!

Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this
lost Lenore!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee
here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shriek’d, upstarting—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

But the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor
Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

THE BELLS.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seemed to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells,
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EXCELSIOR.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye, beneath,
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone:
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior!

“Try not the pass!” the old man said;
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”—
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

“Oh! stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!”
This was the peasant's last good-night;—
A voice replied, far up the hight,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller,—by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow, was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
The banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,—
Excelsior!

THE FAMINE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O the long and dreary Winter! }
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walk'd he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none;
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perish'd there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famish'd;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,

Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shudder'd as they look'd upon her,
Shudder'd at the words they utter'd,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they utter'd.

Forth into the empty forest
Rush'd the madden'd Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness,
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapp'd in furs and arm'd for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.
"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food, or we must perish!

Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"MINNEHAHA! MINNEHAHA!"

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dakotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laugh'd and glisten'd,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watch'd her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,

Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dakotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"T is the smoke that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumber'd branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perish'd for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
And he rush'd into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Utter'd such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moan'd and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish,

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he cover'd,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments;
Wrapp'd her in her robes of ermine,
Cover'd her with snow, like ermine:
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watch'd it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguish'd,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,

Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter! "

GAMBLER'S WIFE.

COATES.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light: No fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering, she watches, by the cradle side,
For him, who pledged her love—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'T is his footstep! No!—'t is past!—'t is gone!"
Tick!—Tick!—"How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!
And I believed 't would last!—How mad!—How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'T is hunger's cry!
Sleep!—For there 's no food!—The font is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break! And thou!" The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 't is the dice-box! Yes! he's there! he's there!
For this—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him. No! 't is all in vain!
'T is long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for you,
My child!—his child! Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by.
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!

Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!"
 'T is but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay,
 Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
 For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
 No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
 Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we will not part!
 Husband!—I die—Father!—It is not he!
 O, God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three!

They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath
 fled!—

The wife and child are number'd with the dead.
 On the cold earth, outstretch'd in solemn rest,
 The babe lay, frozen on its mother's breast:
 The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
 Dread silence reigned around:—the clock struck four!

SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY.

MR. PRESIDENT,—it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, —to know the worst, and to provide for it!

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the

conduct of the British Ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which Gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, Sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss! Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, Sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which Kings resort. I ask Gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can Gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for this accumulation of navies and armies? No, Sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them?—Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have

supplanted, we have prostrated ourselves before the Throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the Throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free,—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending,—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight; I repeat it, Sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, Sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of People, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of Nations, and who will raise up friends to fight

our battles for us. The battle, Sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clinking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, Sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that Gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

No, children, my trips are over,
The engineer needs rest;
My hand is shaky; I'm feeling
A tugging pain i' my breast;
But here, as the twilight gathers,
I'll tell you a tale of the road,
That 'll ring in my head forever,
Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering along in the twilight,
The night was dropping her shade,
And the "Gladiator" labored—
Climbing the top of the grade;
The train was heavily laden,
So I let my engine rest,

Climbing the grading slowly,
Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight—
Ten minutes behind the time!
Lost in the slackened motion
Of the up grade's heavy climb;
But I knew the miles of the prairie
That stretched a level track,
So I touched the gauge of the boiler,
And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a-gleaming,
Thirty an hour, or so,
The engine leaped like a demon,
Breathing a fiery glow;
But to me—a-hold of the lever—
It seemed a child alway,
Trustful and always ready
My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine,
Holding it steady that night,
And my eye on the track before us,
Ablaze with the Drummond light.
We neared a well-known cabin,
Where a child of three or four;
As the up train passed, oft called me,
A-playing around the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle
As we swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadow,
Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
The reverse lever down in dismay,
Groaning to Heaven—eighty paces
Ahead was the child at its play!

One instant—one, awful and only,
The world flew round in my brain,
And I smote my hand hard on my forehead
To keep back the terrible pain;
The train I thought flying forever,
With mad irresistible roll,
While the cries of the dying, the night wind
Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on front of the engine,—
How I got there I never could tell,—
My feet planted down on the crossbar,
Where the cowcatcher slopes to the rail,
One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
And one held out in the night,
While my eye gauged the distance, and measured
The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank the Lord! it was steady;
I saw the curls of her hair,
And the face that, turning in wonder,
Was lit by the deadly glare.
I know little more—but I heard it—
The groan of the anguished wheels,
And remember thinking—the engine
In agony trembles and reels.

One rod! To the day of my dying
I shall think the old engine reared back,
And as it recoiled with a shudder,
I swept my hand over the track;
Then darkness fell over my eyelids,
But I heard the surge of the train,
And the poor old engine creaking,
As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
And she on my bosom a-climbing,
To nestle securely there.
We are not much given to crying—
We men that run on the road—
But that night, they said, there were faces,
With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning
As I neared the cabin again,
My hand on the lever pressed downward
And slackened the speed of the train.
When my engine had blown her greeting,
She always would come to the door;
And her look with a fullness of heaven
Blesses me evermore.

INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776.

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptred sway.
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The long-expected news to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air:

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously;
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpapa,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awaken'd
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "Independence;"
Which, please God, shall never die!

Lines on a Skeleton.

Behold this ruin! 'T was a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor Hope, nor Joy, nor Love, nor Fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained,
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke!

This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unavails Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it, whether, bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bride they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

ELIJAH KELLOGG.

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre, to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished.

The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the

smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were assembled,—their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows,—when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them:

“Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief, who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth, and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on.

“And yet, I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported: and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

“One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheek burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, till my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples,

and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

“That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me,—smiled faintly,—gasped,—and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph.

“I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and ~~mourn~~ over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome’s fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at the sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said,—‘Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!’ And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs.

“O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me! Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint: taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe!—to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, till the yellow Tiber is red as froth-

ing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood! Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

"If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife: if ye are men,—follow me! strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians!—If we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

MACLAINE'S CHILD.

CHARLES MACKAY.

"Maclaine! you've scourged me like a hound;
You should have struck me to the ground;
You should have played a chieftain's part;
You should have stabbed me to the heart.

"You should have crushed me unto death;—
But here I swear with living breath,
That for this wrong which you have done,—
I'll wreak my vengeance on your son,—

"On him, and you, and all your race!"
He said, and bounding from his place,
He seized the child with sudden hold—
A smiling infant, three years old—

And starting like a hunted stag,
He scaled the rock, he clomb the crag,
And reached, o'er many a wide abyss,
The beetling, seaward precipice;

And leaning o'er its topmost ledge,
He held the infant o'er the edge:—
"In vain the wrath, thy sorrow vain;
No hand shall save it, proud Maclaine!"

With flashing eye and burning brow,
The mother followed, heedless how,
O'er crags with mosses overgrown,
And stair-like juts of slippery stone.

But midway up the rugged steep,
She found a chasm she could not leap,
And kneeling on its brink, she raised
Her supplicating hands, and gazed.—

"O, spare my child, my joy, my pride!
O, give me back my child!" she cried:
"My child! my child!" with sobs and tears,
She shrieked upon his callous ears.

"Come, Evan," said the trembling chief,—
His bosom wrung with pride and grief,—
"Restore the boy, give back my son,
And I'll forgive the wrong you've done."

"I scorn forgiveness, haughty man!
You've injured me before the clan;
And naught but blood shall wipe away
The shame I have endured to-day."

And as he spoke, he raised the child,
To dash it 'mid the breakers wild,
But, at the mother's piercing cry,
Drew back a step, and made reply:—

“Fair lady, if your lord will strip,
And let a clansman wield the whip,
Till skin shall flay, and blood shall run,
I'll give you back your little son.”

The lady's cheek grew pale with ire,
The chieftain's eyes flashed sudden fire;
He drew a pistol from his breast,
Took aim,—then dropped it, sore distressed.

“I might have slain my babe instead.
Come, Evan, come,” the father said,
And through his heart a tremor ran;
“We'll fight our quarrel man to man.”

“Wrong unavenged I've never borne,”
Said Evan, speaking loud in scorn;
“You've heard my answer, proud Maclaine:
I will not fight you,—think again.”

The lady stood in mute despair,
With freezing blood and stiffening hair;
She moved no limb, she spoke no word;—
She could but look upon her lord.

He saw the quivering of her eye,
Pale lips and speechless agony,—
And, doing battle with his pride,
“Give back the boy,—I yield,” he cried.

A storm of passions shook his mind—
Anger and shame and love combined;
But love prevailed, and bending low,
He bared his shoulders to the blow.

"I smite you," said the clansman true;
"Forgive me, chief, the deed I do!
For by yon Heaven that hears me speak,
My dirk in Evan's heart shall reek!"

But Evan's face beamed hate and joy;
Close to his breast he hugged the boy:
"Revenge is just, revenge is sweet,
And mine, Lochbuy, shall be complete."

Ere hand could stir, with sudden shock,
He threw the infant o'er the rock,
Then followed with a desperate leap,
Down fifty fathoms to the deep.

They found their bodies in the tide;
And never till the day she died
Was that sad mother known to smile—
The Niobe of Mulla's isle.

They dragged false Evan from the sea,
And hanged him on a gallows tree;
And ravens fattened on his brain,
To sate the vengeance of Maclaine.

LITTLE JIM.

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside poor and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child:
A little worn-cut creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a collier's wife and child, they called him Little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her
cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid
to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her
life,
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's
wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's
bed,
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take
herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the words
from him,
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon Little Jim,
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but O! I am so dry,
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and mother, don't
you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his
lip;
He smiled to thank her, as he took each little, tiny sip.

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-
night to him,
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor Little
Jim!
She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so
dear,
Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear:
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a
word.

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead,
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the
bed;

His quivering lips gave token of the grief he 'd fain
conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple
kneel;
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask
of Him,
In Heaven once more to meet again their own poor Little
Jim.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Plataea's day;
And now, there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms!—they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightning from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud huzza,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night’s repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time her first-born’s breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption’s ghastly form,
The earthquake’s shock, the ocean’s storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance and wine,—

And thou art terrible!—The tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

The breeze had sunk to rest, the noonday sun was high,
The ocean's breast lay motionless beneath a cloudless
sky,
There was silence in the air, there was silence in the
deep;
And it seemed as though that burning calm were nature's
final sleep.

The mid-day watch was set, beneath the blaze of light,
When there came a cry from the tall mast-head, "A sail!
a sail, in sight!"
And o'er the far horizon a snowy speck appeared,
And every eye was strained to watch the vessel as she
neared.

There was no breath of air, yet she bounded on her
way,
And the dancing waves around her prow were flashing
into spray.
She answered not their hail, alongside as she passed:
There were none who trod her spacious deck; not a
seaman on the mast:

No hand to guide her helm: yet on she held her course;
She swept along that waveless sea, as with a tempest's
force:
A silence, as of death, was o'er that vessel spread,
She seemed a thing of another world, the world where
dwell the dead.

She passed away from sight, the deadly calm was o'er,
And the spell-bound ship pursued her course before
the breeze once more;
And clouds across the sky obscured the noonday sun,
And the winds arose at the tempest's call, before the
day was done.

Midnight—and still the storm raged wrathfully and loud,
And deep in the trough of the heaving sea labored that
vessel proud:
There was darkness all around, save where lightning
flashes keen
Played on the crests of the broken waves, and lit the
depths between.

Around her and below, the waste of waters roared,
And answered the crash of the falling masts as they
cast them overboard.
At every billow's shock her shivering timbers strain;
And as she rose on crested wave, that strange ship
passed again.

And o'er that stormy sea she flew before the gale,
Yet she had not struck her lightest spar, nor furled her
loftiest sail.

Another blinding flash, and nearer yet she seemed,
And a pale blue light along her sails and o'er her rigging
gleamed.

But it showed no seaman's form, no hand her course to
guide;

And to their signals of distress the winds alone replied.
The Phantom Ship passed on, driven o'er her pathless
way,

But helplessly the sinking wreck amid the breakers lay.

The angry tempest ceased, the winds were hushed to
sleep,

And calm and bright the sun again shone out upon the
deep.

But that gallant ship no more shall roam the ocean free;
She has reached her final haven, beneath the dark blue
sea.

And many a hardy seaman, who fears nor storms nor
fight,

Yet trembles when the Phantom Ship drives past his
watch at night;

For it augurs death and danger: it bodes a watery grave,
With sea-weeds for his pillow—for his shroud, the wan-
dering wave.

SPEECH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

SHAKESPEARE.

Farewell,—a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him.

The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he fall, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened: Oh! how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee:
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee.
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;

And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in;
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

MORNING HYMN TO MOUNT BLANC.

COLERIDGE.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course?—so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arve and Aveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark,—substantial black,—
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy,—
Till the dilating soul, enwrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest—not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh! struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself, earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, oh wake! and utter praise.
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called ye forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks.
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded,—and the silence came,—
“Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?”
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrent, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!—
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
“GOD!” let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, “GOD!”

"God!" sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice,
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "GOD!"
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain, storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth "GOD!" and fill the hills with praise.

Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peak,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast,—
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow-traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—rise, oh, ever rise,
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven.
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises GOD!

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

THOMAS HOOD.

'T was in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped, with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor even glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"Oh, God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,

And past a shady nook,
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

“ My gentle lad, what is 't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable? ”
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
It is ‘The Death of Abel.’ ”

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And long since then, of bloody men
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God;

He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood had left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

“ And well,” quoth he, “ I know fôr truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, untterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

“ One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold;
'Now here,' said I, 'this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!'

“ Two sudden blows with ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

“ And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame:—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I tood the dead man by his hand,
And call'd upon his name!

“ O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,

The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven's topmost hight,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"O Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim!

“ And Peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

“All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin has render'd unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

“ All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time:
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

“ One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave!

“ Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

“ Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,

I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Over the horrid thing.

“With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder’d man!

“And all that day I read in school,³
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

“Then down I cast me on my face
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

“So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he’s buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh
The world shall see his bones!

“O God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my right red hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer’s at the stake,

“ And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now! ”
The fearful boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THE CURSE OF REGULUS.

The palaces and domes of Carthage were burning with the splendors of noon, and the blue waves of her harbor were rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight. An attentive ear could catch a low murmur, sounding from the center of the city, which seemed like the moaning of the wind before a tempest. And well it might. The whole people of Carthage, startled, astounded by the report that Regulus had returned, were pouring, a mighty tide, into the great square before the Senate House. There were mothers in that throng, whose captive sons were groaning in Roman fetters; maidens, whose lovers were dying in the distant dungeons of Rome; gray-haired men and matrons, whom Roman steel had made childless; men who were seeing their country's life crushed out by Roman power; and with wild voices, cursing and groaning, the vast throng gave vent to the rage, the hate, the anguish of long years.

Calm and unmoved as the marble walls around him, stood Regulus, the Roman! He stretched his arm over

the surging crowd with a gesture as proudly imperious, as though he stood at the head of his own gleaming cohorts. Before that silent command the tumult ceased—the half uttered execration died upon the lip—so intense was the silence that the clank of the captive's brazen manacles smote sharp on every ear, as he thus addressed them:

“Ye doubtless thought, judging of Roman virtue by your own, that I would break my plighted faith, rather than by returning, and leaving your sons and brothers to rot in Roman dungeons, to meet your vengeance. Well, I could give reasons for this return, foolish and inexplicable as it seems to you; I could speak of yearnings after immortality—of those eternal principles in whose pure light a patriot's death is glorious, a thing to be desired; but by great Jove! I should debase myself to dwell on such high themes to you. If the bright blood which feeds my heart were like the slimy ooze that stagnates in your veins, I should have remained at Rome, saved my life, and broken my oath. If, then, you ask why I have come back, to let you work your will on this poor body which I esteem but as the rags that cover it,—enough reply for you, it is because I am a Roman! As such, here in your very capital I defy you! What I have done ye never can undo; what ye may do, I care not. Since first my young arm knew how to wield a Roman sword have I not routed your armies, burned your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels? And do ye now expect to see me cower and whine with dread of Carthaginian vengeance? Compared to that fierce mental strife which my heart has just passed through at Rome, the piercing of this flesh, the rending of these sinews, would be but sport to me.

“Venerable senators, with trembling voices and outstretched hands, besought me to return no more to Carthage. The generous people, with loud wailing, and

wildly tossing gestures, bade me stay. The voice of a beloved mother,—her withered hands beating her breast, her gray hairs streaming in the wind, tears flowing down her furrowed cheeks—praying me not to leave her in her lonely and helpless old age, is still sounding in my ears. Compared to anguish like this, the paltry torment you have in store is as the murmur of the meadow brook to the wild tumult of the mountain storm. Go! bring your threatened tortures! The woes I see impending over this fated city will be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle with its agony. I die—but mine shall be the triumph; yours the untold desolation. For every drop of blood that falls from my veins, your own shall pour in torrents! Woe, unto thee, O Carthage! I see thy homes and temples all in flames, thy citizens in terror, thy women wailing for the dead. Proud city! thou art doomed! the curse of Jove, a living, lasting curse is on thee! The hungry waves shall lick the golden gates of thy rich palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea. Rome, with bloody hand, shall sweep thy heart-strings, and all thy homes shall howl in wild response of anguish to her touch. Proud mistress of the sea, disrobed, uncrowned and scourged—thus again do I devote thee to the infernal gods!

Now, bring forth your tortures! Slaves! while ye tear this quivering flesh, remember how often Regulus has beaten your armies and humbled your pride! Cut as he would have carved you! Burn deep as his curse!

SUNBEAMS AND SHADOWS.

I saw a little maiden,
Playing with the sunbeams bright.
How her merry blue eyes sparkled
As with innocent delight

She gathered, in her childish glee,
Her apron full, with care,
Then, peeping archly in to see,
She found no sunbeams there!

I saw her but a moment,
Yet that vision pure and bright,
Is shrined within my memory,
As some fair thing of light.
I seem to hear her silvery laugh
Still ringing in my ear,
As looking in her apron folds,
She found no sunbeams there.

Once more, she stood before me,
A happy, trusting bride;
A wreath was on her snowy brow,
Her chosen, by her side.
The dark and silken lashes
Shaded those eyes of light,
That danced in joy, when years ago,
She caught the sunbeams bright.

Again the vision passed away,
As it had done before,
And from that joyous wedding-day,
I saw her face no more
Till ten long years had glided on,
Since last, with joy and pride,
I saw that beauteous child of earth,
A young and blooming bride.

I mingled with the gathered throng
That round the altar stood;
The memories of other years,
Rushed o'er me like a flood.
Before me in her snowy robes,
As on her bridal day,

In calm and passionless repose
That lovely earth-child lay.

No wreath was on her marble brow,
No sparkle in her eye;
'T was Heaven's decree that this sweet flower
Should only bloom to die.
Yet not to die, but live again,
In far-off worlds of light,
To dwell once more in happiness
Amid the sunbeams bright.

The locks are changed from brown to gray,
That erst adorned my head;
Since those three visions passed away—
The child—the bride—the dead.

I'm dreaming now, I'm dreaming,
And the vision I behold
Is the City of the Ransomed,
Where the streets are paved with gold.
And as I look and listen,
Falls upon my ravished ear,
Music, not of mortals' breathing,
Such as only angels hear.
And I see bright forms around me
Floating in the perfumed air,
Clad in robes of snowy whiteness
Such as only angels wear.

One there is among the number,
Whom on earth I used to know,
When a child she watched the sunbeams,
Watched them come, and saw them go.

By her golden hair I know her,
By her pure and radiant brow;
For I saw the little maiden,
As I see the angel now.

Little change had come upon her,
Save the eyes, on earth so bright,
Now are beaming on her sisters,
With a calmer, holier light.
And the Saviour's smiles are resting
On that being, bright and fair,
As she whispers to the angels
She hath *found* her sunbeams "there!"

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar.
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs ,thundering South
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to foemen the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master,
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stagglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done! what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
" I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day.

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,

The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

LOCHINVAR'S RIDE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,—
Through all the wide border his steed was the best!
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,—
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter,—my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."
The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,

He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume,
And the bridemaids whispered “’T were better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin to young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood
near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scar!
They ’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Loch-
invar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SANDALPHON.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,—

Have you read it,—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary, with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.

BROWNING.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
“Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,

Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffield 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half-
chime—

So Joris broke silence with “ Yet there is time! ”

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past:
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray,

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned: and cried Joris, “ Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix”—for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank,

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;

'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like
chaff,

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they 'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,

Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.”

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rode to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up to the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame by its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town,
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,

And the meeting house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall—
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again,
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN, THE BOLD BOY OF GLINGALL.
A TALE OF '98.

SHERIDAN LEFANOR.

Jist afther the war, in the year of '98,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
'T was the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.
There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.
It 's them was hard times for an honest gossoon:
If he missed in the judges—he 'd meet a dragoon;
An whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,
The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.
An its many's the fine boy was then on his keepin'
Wid small share of restin', or atin', or sleepin',
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet—
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay;
An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all
Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.
His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white;
But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
An' his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red.
An' for all that he was n't an ugly young bye,
For the divil himself cou'd n't blaze with his eye,
So droll and so wicked, so dark and so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night!
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen,
An' his dancing was sich that the men used to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;
An' by gorra, the whole world gev it into him there.

An' it 's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it 's often he run, an' its often he fought,
An' its many the one can remember right well
The quare things he done: an' it 's often I heard tell
How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin four,
An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
An' treachery prey on the blood of the best;
Afther many a brave action of power and pride,
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
An' take your last look at her dim lovely light,
That falls on the mountain and valley this night;
One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the sheltering, far-distant wood;
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill;
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an' wake,
An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.

An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail;
The fleet limbs wor chained, and the sthrong hands wor
bound,

An' he laid down his length on the cowld prison ground,
An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;
An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,
Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
But the tears did n't fall, for the pride of his heart
Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;

An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the brave,
That when he was mouldering in the cold grave
His enemies never should have it to boast
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry,
For, undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on,
There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand
An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in-hand;
An' the court house so full that the people were bothered,
An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered;
An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead; 'n
An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big,
With his gown on his back, and an illigant new wig;
An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.

For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;
An' they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
An' Jim did n't understand it, nor mind it a taste,
An' the judge took a big pinch of snuff, and he says,
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plaze?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said:

“My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death blow,
Before God and the world I would answer you, no!
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An’ fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An’ shed the heart’s blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, yes; and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it’s my glory that then
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
An’ that now for her sake I am ready to die.”

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
And the judge was n’t sorry the job was made light;
By my sowl, its himself was the crabbed ould chap;
In a twinklin’ he pulled on his ugly black cap.

Then Shamus’s mother in the crowd standin’ by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:

“O judge! darlin’, do n’t, oh, do n’t say the word!
The crathure is young, have mercy, my lord;
He was foolish, he did n’t know what he was doin’;
You do n’t know him, my lord—oh, do n’t give him to
ruin!

He’s the kindest crathure, the tendherest hearted;
Do n’t part us forever, we that’s so long parted.
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An’ God will forgive you—oh, do n’t say the word!”

That was the first minute that O’Brien was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;
An’ down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
The big tears wor runnin’ fast, one afther the other;
An’ two or three times he endeavored to spake,
But the sthrong, manly voice used to falther and break;

But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide,
"An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor
heart,

For, sooner or later, the dearest must part;
And God knows it's bettther than wandering in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,
From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever shall rest.
Then, mother, my darlin', do n't cry any more,
Do n't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour;
For I wish, when my head's lyin' under the raven,
No thrue man can say that I died like a craven!"
Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky;
An' why are the men standin' idle so late?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street?
What come they to talk of? what come they to see?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?
O, Shamus O'Brien! pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last;
Pray fast and pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.
An' faster an' faster, the crowd gathered there,
Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair;
An' whiskey was sellin', and cussamuck too,
An' ould men and young women enjoying the view.
An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,
There was n't sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark,
An' be gorry, 't was thrue for him, for divil sich a scruge,
Sich divarshin and crowds, was known since the deluge,
For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,
Waitin' till such time as the hangin' 'id come on.

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,
An' a cart in the middle, and Shamus was in it,
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',
A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through
trees.

On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;
An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look around.

Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turned chill,
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer,
But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,
And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground,
Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres;
He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him,
neighbors!

Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd—
By the heavens, he's free!—than thunder more loud,
By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken—
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.

The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;
To-night he 'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,

An' the divil 's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin' it 's yourself you must hang.

He has mounted his horse, and soon he will be
In America, darlint, the land of the free.

OVER THE RIVER.

N. A. W. PRIEST.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who crossed to the other side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.
There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there—
The Gates of the City we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands, waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet!
She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhoods's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the vail apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flashing on river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the Spirit Land.
I shall know the loved, who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

THE FIREMAN.

ROBERT T. CONRAD.

The city slumbers. O'er its mighty walls
Night's dusky mantle, soft and silent, falls;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready torpors wrap each sinking head.
Stilled is the stir of labor and of life;
Hushed is the hum, and tranquilized the strife.
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears;

The young forget their sports, the old their cares;
The grave are careless; those who joy or weep
All rest contented on the arm of sleep.

Sweet is the pillowed rest of beauty now,
And slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow;
Her bright dreams lead her to the moonlit tide,
Her heart's own partner wandering by her side;
'Tis summer's eve; the soft gales scarcely rouse
The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs;
And, faint and far, some minstrel's melting tone,
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

When, hark! O, horror! what a crash is there!
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air?
'Tis fire! 'tis fire! She wakes to dream no more;
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door;
The dun smoke eddies round; and, hark! that cry:
"Help! help! Will no one aid? I die, I die!"
She seeks the casement; shuddering at its height
She turns again; the fierce flames mock her flight;
Along the crackling stairs they fiercely play,
And roar, exulting, as they seize their prey.
"Help! help! Will no one come?" She can no more;
But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.

Will no one save thee? Yes, there yet is one
Remains to save, when hope itself is gone:
When all have fled, when all but he would fly,
The fireman comes, to rescue or to die.
He mounts the stair,—it wavers 'neath his tread;
He seeks the room, flames flashing round his head;
He bursts the door; he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame.
The fire-blast smites him with its stifling breath:
The falling timbers menace him with death;
The sinking floors his hurried step betray;
And ruin crashes round his desperate way;

Hot smoke obscures, ten thousand cinders rise,
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize;
He leaps from burning stair to stair. On! on!
Courage! One effort more, and all is won!
The stair is passed,—the blazing hall is braved;
Still on! yet on! once more! Thank Heaven, she's
saved!

ANALYSIS OF THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

PHILIP LAWRENCE.

Of the varied productions of a great and popular poet the most intellectual have been least understood; and in order that one of the best of them may be fully appreciated we will endeavor, with all deference, to explain its meaning.

When Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, one of America's most gifted poets, was a young man and resided with his parents at their old homestead, he had often, in hours of leisure, listened to the ticking of the clock standing half way up the stairs, and thought how many meanings there were in its ceaseless tick, tick, which seemed to be continually repeating the words, "Forever—never! Never—forever!" This has been so beautifully expressed by the poet, that for the benefit of young persons we will proceed to analyze and explain the various verses of the poem.

The first verse describes the old homestead:

"Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashion'd country-seat:
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to all—

"Forever—never!
Never—forever!'"

As the poet sat and listened he imagined the ceaseless swing of the pendulum, with its continued tick, tick, seemed to say to him, "Forever—never! Never—for-ever!"

The second verse describes the clock: "Half way up the stairs it stands," etc. The old monk having retired in disgust, or despair, from the world and its pleasures, imagines there can be no happiness for him either in the present or the future, and he therefore repeats to all who pass by the warning that they must not expect their present happiness to continue, as they would be sure to find their joys would be like his own bygone dreams, which, however beautiful they arose on his vision in the night, yet faded away in the light of the morning.

The third verse says, "By day its voice is low and light," etc. In one chamber the wealthy maiden, the frivolous daughter of fashion, has retired to her couch, and there she imagines that all the luxuries and pleasures that wealth can purchase or procure will always be hers; but the old clock tells her that her enjoyments will be but for a season, and not forever; that they will be only on earth, and not in Heaven—while to the poor servant girl, who lies in the next chamber and on her sleepless couch ponders over her lowly lot, the kind old monitor promises that if she fulfill her duty while on earth her wearisome toils will soon cease, and that her reward will be to dwell in a home of purity and happiness in the lovely Spirit Land.

The fourth verse tells us that "Through days of sorrow and of mirth," etc. On earth our enjoyments will be but for a season, but in Heaven they will endure forever.

The fifth verse says, "In that mansion used to be," etc. The stranger is warned that although he is now enjoying ease and plenty, yet on the morrow he must

encounter toil and privation; yet if he does his duty while on earth an eternity of happiness will be his.

The lovely sixth verse describes the delight of youth and love: "There groups of merry children played," etc. The ardent youth tells the blooming maiden that his passion for her will endure forever—but the lady laughingly replies that she does not believe him. He then vows that he loves her not only with his heart, but also with his soul, and that his affection will endure not only in this life but also through all eternity.

The seventh verse describes how near to each other are life and death—the bride of the living, and the bride of the dead. "From that chamber clothed in white," etc. The happy bride apparel'd in the garb of purity comes forth from one chamber; while in the other room, also clothed in white, lies one whose joys and sorrows in this world are all at rest. To the first the old clock sounds its warning voice, to remind her, that her present enjoyment is but for a season, and not until she also lies upon the couch of death can she experience happiness forever.

The eighth verse tells, how friends "All are scattered now and fled," etc. Upon this earth we shall never be reunited, but when our eyes are closed in their last sleep, and weeping friends lament us as dead, our happy eyes have opened upon the joys of Heaven, and our ears are ringing with the songs of the seraphs in the holy land of love; while with sighs of ecstasy we are clasped in the arms of those we had loved and lost; once more reunited never again to part.

The ninth verse explains all:

"Never here, (on earth) forever there, (in heaven)
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear—
Forever there, but never here!

The horologue of eternity
Sayeth this incessantly—

“ ‘ Forever—never!
Never—forever! ’ ”

On earth happiness is but for a season. In Heaven it
will endure forever. “ *Deo Gratias.* ”

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashion'd country-seat:
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all—

“ Forever—never!
Never—forever! ”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs alas!
With sorrowful voice, to all who pass—

“ Forever—never!
Never—forever! ”

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall—
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber-door—

“ Forever—never!
Never—forever! ”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe—

“ Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality:
His great fires up the chimney roar'd;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased—

“ Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

There groups of merry children play'd,
There youths and maidens dreaming stray'd:
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told—

“ Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding-night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And, in the hush that follow'd the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair—

“ Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

All are scatter'd now and fled—
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 "Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
 As in the days long since gone by.
 The ancient timepiece makes reply—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there—
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time shall disappear—
 Forever there, but never here!
 The horologue of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

THE BURNING PRAIRIE.

ALICE CARY.

The prairie stretched as smooth as a floor,
 As far as the eye could see,
 And the settler sat at his cabin door,
 With his little girl on his knee,
 Striving her letters to repeat,
 And pulling her apron over her feet.

 His face was wrinkled but not old,
 For he bore an upright form,
 And his shirt sleeves back to the elbow rolled
 They showed a brawny arm.
 And near in the grass with toes upturned,
 Was a pair of old shoes, cracked and burned.

 A dog with his head betwixt his paws,
 Lay lazily dozing near,
 Now and then snapping his tar-black jaws

At the fly that buzzed in his ear;
And near was the cow-pen, made of rails,
And a bench that held two milking pails.

In the open door an ox-yoke lay,
The mother's odd redoubt,
To keep the little one, at her play
On the floor, from falling out;
While she swept the hearth with a turkey wing,
And filled her tea-kettle at the spring.

The little girl on her father's knee,
With eyes so bright and blue,
From A, B, C, to X, Y, Z,
Had said her lesson through;
When a wind came over the prairie land,
And caught the primer out of her hand.

The watch dog whined, the cattle lowed
And tossed their horns about,
The air grew gray as if it snowed,
"There will be a storm, no doubt,"
So to himself the settler said;
"But, father, why is the sky so red?"

The little girl slid off his knee,
And all of a tremble stood;
"Good wife," he cried, "come out and see
The skies are as red as blood."
"God save us!" cried the settler's wife,
"The prairie's a-fire, we must run for life!"

She caught the baby up, "Come,
Are ye mad? to your heels, my man;"
He followed, terror-stricken, dumb,
And so they ran and ran.
Close upon them was the snort and swing
Of buffaloes madly galloping.

The wild wind, like a sower, sows
The ground with sparkles red;
And the flapping wings of the bats and crows,
And the ashes overhead,
And the bellowing deer, and the hissing snake,
What a swirl of terrible sounds they make.

No gleam of the river water yet,
And the flames leap on and on,
A crash and a fiercer whirl and jet,
And the settler's house is gone.
The air grows hot; "This fluttering curl
Would burn like flax," said the little girl.

And as the smoke against her drifts,
And the lizard slips close by her,
She tells how the little cow uplifts
Her speckled face from the fire;
For she cannot be hindered from looking back
At the fiery dragon on their track.

They hear the crackling grass and sedge,
The flames as they whirl and rave,
On, on! they are close to the water's edge,—
They are breast deep in the wave;
And lifting their little one high o'er the tide,
"We are saved, thank God, we are saved!" they cried.

THE CREED OF THE BELLS.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime;

My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here! come worship here!
In rituals and faith excel!"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan:
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"Ye purifying waters swell!"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the Sacred Scriptures saith:
Oh, swell, ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began;
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon, to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in Heaven;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world, Farewell! farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"To all, the truth, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free,
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted the Methodist bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell;
"Look up to Heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right.
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice," pealed forth a bell;
"No fetters here to clog the soul;
No arbitrary creeds control
The free heart and progressive mind,
That leave the dusty past behind.
Speed well! speed well! speed well! speed well!"
Pealed out the Independent bell!

"No pope, no pope, to doom to hell!"
The Protestant rang out a bell;

“Great Luther left his fiery zeal
Within the hearts that truly feel
That loyalty to God will be
The fealty that makes men free,
No images where incense fell!”
Rang out old Martin Luther’s bell.

“All hail, ye saints in Heaven that dwell
Close by the Cross!” exclaimed a bell;
“Lean o’er the battlements of bliss
And deign to bless a world like this;
Let mortals kneel before this shrine—
Adore the water and the wine!
All hail, ye saints, the chorus swell!”
Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

“Ye workers who have toiled so well,
To save the race!” said a sweet bell,
“With pledge, and badge, and banner, come,
Each brave heart beating like a drum;
Be royal men, of noble deeds,
For *love* is holier than creeds;
Drink from the well, the well, the well!”
In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.*

MACAULAY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories
are!

And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre.
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy corn fields green and sunny vines, O pleas-
ant land of France!

* Pronounced *E-vree*.

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
waters,
Again let rapture light the eye of all thy mourning
daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who would thy walls
annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance
of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!
Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of
day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears!
There, rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of
our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand!
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's em-
purpled flood,
And good Coligni's† hoary hair, all dabbled with his
blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate
of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.
The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;

†Coligni, (pronounced *Co-leen-yee*,) a venerable old man, was one of the victims in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing
to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord
the King!"

"And if my standard bearer fall, and fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where you see my white plume shine, amid the
ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme ‡ to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin!

The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's
plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,

Charge for the golden lilies, now upon them with the
lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears
in rest,⁴

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest;

And in they burst and on they rushed, while, like a
guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage, blazed the helmet of
Navarre.

Now, God be praised! the day is ours! Mayenne hath
turned his rein,—

‡ Oriflamme, (pronounced *or-ree-flam*,) the French
standard.

D'Aumales hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count
is slain,
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our
van,
"Remember Saint Bartholomew," was passed from man
to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, then, "No Frenchman is
my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren
go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in
war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never
shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, the Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms
be bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward
to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of
the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are!
And honor to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Na-
varre.

THE DIVER.

SCHILLER.

“ Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling Charybdis * below:
I cast into the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o’er it already the dark waters flow:
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon † that gift of his king.”

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.
“ And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again, to the deep below? ”

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—“ The cup to win,
Is there never a wight, who will venture in? ”

And all as before heard in silence the king—
Till a youth, with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
’Mid the tremulous squires, stepped out of the ring,

* One of the two rocks, Scylla and Charybdis, described by Homer as lying near together, between Italy and Sicily; both formidable to ships which had to pass between them. One contained an immense fig tree, under which dwelt Charybdis, who thrice every day swallowed down the waters of the sea, and thrice threw them up again.

† Recompense; reward.

Unbuckling his girdle and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main;
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

And at last there lay open the desolate realm!
Through the breakers that whitened the waste of the
swell,
Dark—dark yawned a cleft in the midst of the whelm,
The path to the heart of that fathomless Hell.
Round and round whirled the waves—deep and deeper
still driven,
Like a gorge thro' the mountainous main thunder-riven.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the
shore,

And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark and profound,
But the deep from below murmured hollow and fell;
And the crowd, as it shuddered, lamented aloud—

“Gallant youth—noble heart—fare thee well, fare thee well!”

And still ever deepening that wail as of woe,
More hollow the gulf sent its howl from below.

If thou should 'st in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, “Who may find it shall win it, and wear;”
God's wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown at such hazards were valued too dear.
For never did lips of the living reveal,
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a ship, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crashed together, the keel and the mast,
To be seen, tossed aloft in the glee of the wave—
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf, rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far floating gloom
What gleams on the darkness so swan-like and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb!—
They battle—the Man's with the Element's might,
It is he—it is he!—in his left hand behold
As a sign—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—

“He lives—lo! the ocean has rendered its prey!
And out of the grave, where the Hell began,
His valor has rescued the living man!”

And he comes with the crowd in their clamor and glee,
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;

And the king from her maidens has beckoned his
daughter,

And he bade her the wine to his cup-bearer bring,
And thus spake the Diver—"Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below never more find a voice—

Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Never more—never more may he lift from the mirror,
The Veil which is woven with NIGHT and with TERROR!

"Quick-brightening like lightning—it tore me along
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent at play,
In the rocks of its wilderness caught me—and strong
As the wings of an eagle it whirled me away.
Vain, vain were my struggles—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the wild element spun me.

"And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer,
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath—
And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,

And I clung to it, trembling—and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless obscure!
A silence of Horror that slept on the ear,

That the eye more appalled might the Horror endure!
Salamander—snake—dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their Hell.

"Dark-crawled—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Like masses unshapen, made life hideously—

Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—

Here the hammer-fish darkened the dark of the sea—
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible shark—the Hyena of Ocean.

“There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o’er me,
So far from the earth where man’s help there was none!
The One Human Thing, with the goblins before me—
Alone—in a liveness so ghastly—ALONE!
Fathom-deep from man’s eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the Main and the Monsters around.

“Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
A hundred-limbed creature caught sight of its prey,
And darted—O God! from the far-flaming bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save—King, the danger is o’er!”

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled: quoth he,
“Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine,
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine,
If thou’lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the innermost main!”

Then outspoke the daughter in tender emotion,
“Oh! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can shake thy wild thirst of desire,
Be your knight’s not, at least, put to shame by the squire!”

The king seized the goblet—he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide;
“But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I’ll hold thee dearest that rules by my side,
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee.”

In his heart as he listened, there leapt a wild joy—
And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in
fire,
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed, delighted, the boy;
The maiden she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves!—To the strife with the life and the death!
They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell;
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell—
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Rearing up to the cliff—roaring back as before;
But no wave ever brought the lost youth to the shore.

THE INQUIRY.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?

The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Know 'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs;
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?

The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer—"No."

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man might find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul;—oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot, where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"YES, IN
HEAVEN!"

THE MAIN-TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

MORRIS.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay—
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main-truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein,
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky;
No hold had he above, below;
Alone he stood in air:
To that far height none dared to go:
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed;—but not a man could speak!
With horror all aghast,
In groups with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a liquid hue;—
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck:—he gasped,

“Oh God! thy will be done!”

Then suddenly a rifle grasped,

And aimed it at his son:

“Jump, far out, boy, into the wave!

“Jump, or I fire!” he said;

“That only chance your life can save!

Jump, jump, boy!”—He obeyed.

He sunk,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,—

And for the ship struck out;

On board, we hailed the lad beloved,

With many a manly shout.

His father drew, in silent joy,

Those wet arms round his neck—

Then folded to his heart his boy,

And fainted on the deck.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest
ray,

Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay,—

The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er
been bent

By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had
spent.

“They come around me here, and say my days of life
are o'er;

That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no
more;

They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now
that I,

Their own liege lord and master born, that I,—ha! ha!—
must die.

“ And what is death? I’ve dared him oft, before the
Paynim spear;
Think ye he’s entered at my gate,—has come to seek
me here?
I’ve met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight
was raging hot;—
I’ll try his might, I’ll brave his power; defy, and fear
him not.

“ Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the
culverin;
Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in;
Up with my banner on the wall; the banquet board
prepare;
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor
there!”

An hundred hands were busy then: the banquet forth
was spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial
tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted
wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o’er the
proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed re-
tainers poured,
On through the portal’s frowning arch, and thronged
around the board;
While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair
of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion,
sate.

“ Fill every beaker up, my men; pour forth the cheering
wine;

There's life and strength in every drop; thanksgiving
to the vine!

Are ye all there, my vassals true? mine eyes are waxing
dim;

Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the
brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not; draw forth each
trusty sword,

And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around
my board;—

I hear it faintly:—louder yet! What clogs my heavy
breath?

Up, all! and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a
deafening cry,

That made the torches flare around, and shook the
flags on high.

"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have ye
flown?

Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?

"But I defy him; let him come!" Down rang the massy
cup,

While from the sheath the ready blade came flashing
half-way up;

And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling
on his head,

There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger
sat,—dead!

THE FATE OF VIRGINIA.

T. B. MACAULAY.

"Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in
Rome?"

"Claimed as a slave, a free-born maid is dragged here
from her home.

On fair Virginia, Claudius has cast his eye of blight;
The tyrant's creature, Marcus, asserts an owner's right;
O, shame on Roman manhood! Was ever plot more
clear?

But look! the maiden's father comes! Behold Virginius
here!"

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,*
To where the reeking shambles stood piled up with horn
and hide.

Hard by, a butcher on a block had laid his whittle down,—
Virginius caught the whittle up and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim and his throat began
to swell,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell,
sweet child, farewell!

The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls—
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble
halls,

Now for the brightness of thy smile must have eternal
gloom,

And for the music of thy voice the silence of the tomb.

"The time is come. The tyrant points his eager hand
this way;

See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon
the prey;

With all his wit he little deems that, spurned, betrayed,
bereft,

Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left;
He little deems that, in this hand, I clutch what still can
save

*In order to render the commencement less abrupt, six lines of introduction have been added to this extract from the fine ballad by Macaulay.

Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of
the slave;

Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and
blow,—

Foul outrage, which thou knowest not,—which thou
shall never know.

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me
one more kiss;

And now mine own dear little girl, there is no way but
this!"

With that, he lifted high the steel and smote her in the
side,

And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob
she died.

Then for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of
death;

And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall;

Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tot-
tered nigh,

And stood before the judgment seat and held the knife
on high:

"O, dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us
twain;

And e'en as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you with Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"

So spake the slayer of his child; then where the body lay,
Pausing, he cast one haggard glance, and turned and
went his way.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him, alive or
dead!

Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings
his head!"

He looked upon his clients,—but none would work his will;
He looked upon his lictors,—but they trembled and stood still,
And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left;
And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

PHILO H. CHILD.

Alone, in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head;
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are carolling songs in rapture there.
I wonder, if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat.

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down
In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavements alone to die?
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,

And mammas have tucked them up snugly in bed,
No dear mother ever upon me smiled—
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's child!

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me; e'en the little dogs run
When I wander too near them; 't is wondrous to see,
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!
Perhaps 't is a dream; but, sometimes, when I lie,
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar.

And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird,
The sweetest voice that ever was heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame;

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above,
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary night
I'm going up to the world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms so wild—
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

SPEECH OF BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

SHAKESPEARE.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may be the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose up against Cæsar, this is my answer—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Had you rather that Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None! Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this, I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.'

And a "Churchman" down to the river came;
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind;
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book:

"I'm bound for heaven; and when I'm there,
Shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to the "Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made:
"My coat and hat must all be gray—
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight,
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then, as he gazed to the further shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing, away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people inheaven, "all 'round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
And he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged? may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"

"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."

"But I have been dipped, as you 'll see me now,

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I 'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You 're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I 'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could ne'er agree,
The old or the new way, which could it be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

But the brethren only seemed to speak:
Modest the sisters walked and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,

How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'

For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all?'"
I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;

Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—

Side by side, for the way was one:
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms or crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.;
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

THE OCEAN.

LORD BYRON.

Oh! that the Deserts were my dwelling place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And hating no one, love but only her!
Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depth, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee, the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering, in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals:
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage: their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime

The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

ALICE CARY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the misletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their shining edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright berries be,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip
It seemeth best to me.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:

Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures,
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

PARRHASIUS AND CAPTIVE.*

WILLIS.

There stood an unsold captive in the mart,
A gray-haired and majestic old man,
Chained to a pillar. It was almost night,
And the last seller from his place had gone

* Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better by his example to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint.

And not a sound was heard but of a dog
Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,
As the faint captive changed his weary feet.

'T was evening, and the half-descended sun
Tipped with a golden fire the many domes
Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
Through which the captive gazed.

The golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And in the soft and dewy atmosphere,
Like forms and landscapes, magical they lay.
Parrhasius stood gazing forgetfully,
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip
Were like the winged god's breathing from his flight.

“Bring me the captive now!
My hands feel skillful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—round me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

Ha! bind him on his back!
Look!—as Prometheus in my picture here!

Quick—or he faints! stand with the cordial near!

Now bend him to the rack!

Press down the poison'd links into his flesh!

And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

So—let him writhe! How long

Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil now!

What a fine agony works upon his brow!

Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!

How fearfully he stifles that short moan!

Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

“Pity thee! So I do!

I pity the dumb victim at the altar—

But does the rob'd priest for his pity falter?

I'd rack thee, though I knew

A thousand lives were perishing in thine—

What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

Yet there's a deathless name!

A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn, }

And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—

And though its crown of flame

Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,

By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!

Ay—though it bid me rifle

My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—

Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first, }

Though it should bid me stifle

The yearnings in my throat for my sweet child,

And taunt its mother till my brain went wild— }

All—I would do it all—

Sooner than die, like a dull worm to rot—

Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!

O heavens—but I appal

Your heart, old man! forgive—ha! on your lives

Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

Vain—vain—give o'er! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow
Gods! if he do not die
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, oh, Death!
Look! how his temples flutter!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders, gasps, Jove help him! so, he's dead.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

M. R. MITFORD.

FRIENDS: I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom;—we are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave!—not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
Strong in some hundred spearsmen—only great
In that strange spell, a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not

The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to you—
I had a brother once,—a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
To see them die! Have ye daughters fair? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored! and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king!—and once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear,
The eternal city shall be free! her sons
Shall walk with princes!

THE SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE.

G. W. PATTEN.

Blaze, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee!
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low;

And where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain;
Go, count your chosen, where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty!
The pale-face I defy!
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And blood my battle-cry!

Some strike for hope of booty,
Some to defend their all,—
I battle for the joy I have
To see the white man fall:
I love, among the wounded,
To hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side,
The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
And struggling through the everglades,
Your bristling bayonets gleam;
But I stand as should the warrior,
With his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns ye—Come not here!

I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with mine eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter
Till I sink beneath its wave!

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
Had sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see."

The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither, come hither, my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;

For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar
And bound her to the mast.

"O father, I hear the church bells ring;
O, say, what may it be?"

"'Tis a fog-bell, on a rock-bound coast;
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father, I hear the sound of guns;
O, say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"O, father, I see a gleaming light;
O, say, what may it be?"

But the father answered never a word:
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed, through the gleaming snow,
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight, dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.*

* A reef of rocks on the northern coast of Massachusetts, between Manchester and Gloucester.

Aud ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows;
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank;
Ho! Ho! the breakers roared,

At daybreak, on the bleak sea beach,
A fisherman stood aghast
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

VULTURE AND INFANT.

I've been among the mighty Alps, and wandered thro'
their vales,
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal
tales,
As round the cotters' blazing hearth, when their daily
work was o'er,
They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were
heard of more.
And there, I, from a shepherd, heard a narrative of fear.
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not
hear;

The tears were standing in his eye, his voice was tremulous;

But wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus:

“It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,

Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells,
But, patient, watching hour on hour, upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

“One cloudless Sabbath summer morn the sun was rising high,

When, from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,

As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of grief and pain,

A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne’er may hear again.

“I hurried out to learn the cause; but, overwhelmed with fright,

The children never ceased to shriek; and from my frenzied sight,

I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care,
But something caught my searching eye slow sailing thro’ the air.

“Oh! what an awful spectacle to meet a father’s eye,
His infant made a vulture’s prey, with terror to descry;
And know, with agonizing heart, and with a maniac rave,
That earthly power could not avail that innocent to save!

“My infant stretched his hands imploringly to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly to get free:

At intervals I heard his cries, as loud he shrieked and screamed!

Until, upon the azure sky, a lessening spot he seemed.

The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily
he flew;

A mote upon the sun's broad face, he seemed unto my
view;

But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would
alight,—

'T was only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite.

“All search was vain, and years had passed, that child
was ne'er forgot;

When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot,
From thence, upon a rugged crag—the chamoise never
reached,

He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had
bleached!

“I clambered up that rugged cliff—I could not stay away
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to
decay;

A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many
a shred:

The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon his
head.”

That dreary spot is pointed out to travellers, passing by,
Who often stand, and musing, gaze, nor go without a
sigh;

And as I journeyed, the next morn, along my sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.

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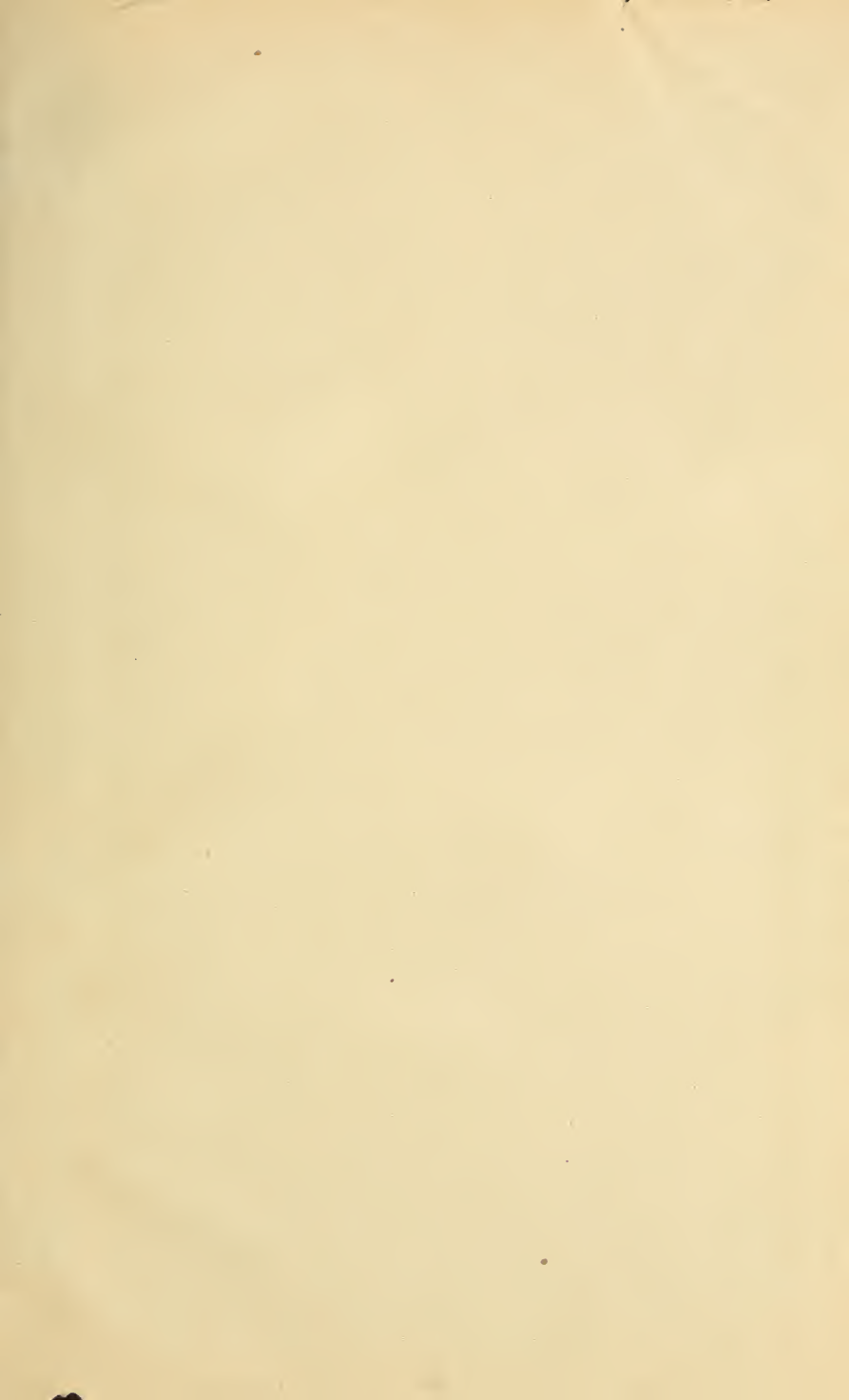
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